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THE FREEMAN

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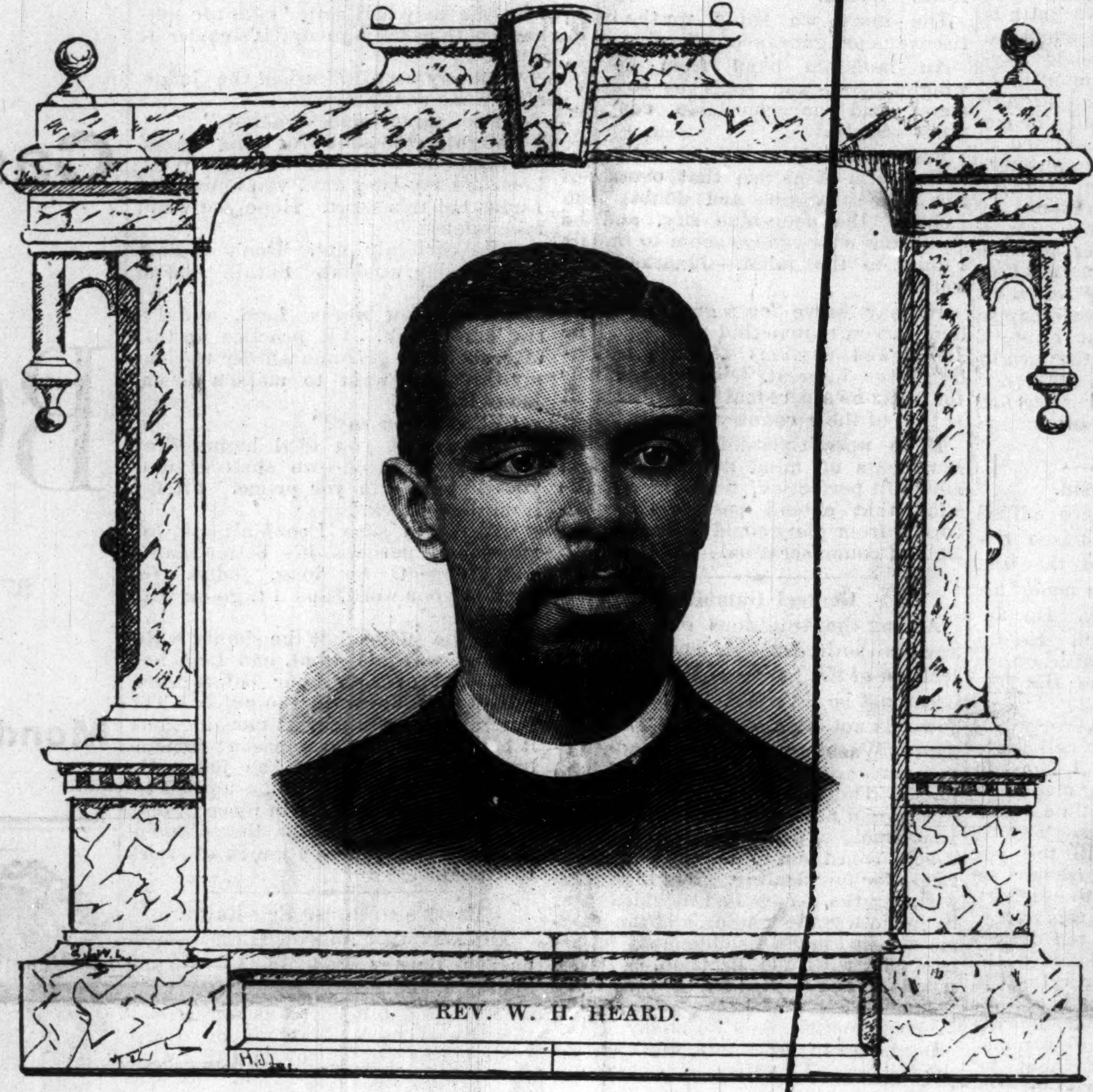

REV. W. H. HEARD.

MANUFACTURING MATERIAL FOR SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

The Negro's Greatest Enemy.

Baltimore, Md., Special to The Freeman.

The daily white papers teeming with accounts and editorials about "Negro out-breaks," race wars, Negro domination, outrages," and the like to an extent that is extremely alarming.

The Negroes of the South are having their bad deeds told in bold double leaded type and their good deeds written in italies. It is about time that we were awakening to the vast amount of injury that is being done to us and how we are losing favor in the eyes of the northern people. What is the cause of such publications and what do they mean? Let us for a moment examine. The southern papers by means of the Associated press is endeavoring to prove to the people of the North that they are struggling with a mass of savage Negroes, who are utterly incapable of self government and whose only object is domination and rapine. They are inventing all kinds of nefarious schemes, writing up a Negro's arrest as a race war and using all of the power contained in words, type and telegraph to cripple the cause of the Negro and mould public sentiment against him. It is by this means that the white southern people propose to carry the elections in the fall. It is a savage form of warfare, inhuman in the extreme and entirely unworthy of honesty and fair play. Already they have moulded public sentiment to such an extent that the white people North are bitterly opposed to sending troops South to protect the Negro in his civil and political rights—aye even his property and life. They are afraid of Congressional interference in elections and hope by this mode of procedure to kindle public sentiment against it also. Will the great North stand idly by and let these southern papers arouse them to such action? Is it willing that the South with bloody hands, wielding the power and effect of the thirty congressmen which belong to colored men, shall be encourage in its fraud and corruption. Can the great North with the great ship-bolted of protection preached from every housetop, stand the free trade system of wages that the South has inaugurated among its laboring classes? If it can condone that, then it will only be a question of a few years before the laboring men of the great North and the "savage Negroes" of the South will be upon an even footing. Day after day the associated press with its thousand wires crossing the neck and breast of this country is reporting some scandal among the Negroes and their attack upon the whites. Political platforms in the South abound with "Negro domination" and "God's chosen people." A hardware store that sells a half dozen guns publishes broad cast that the "Negroes are arming," and thus does this thing continue, until sympathy for them is driven out of the breasts of those who are his friends and their pleading for them ceases. It is useless to deny the fact that we must arm ourselves with facilities to meet this kind of warfare. We need daily papers and a press association to offset these things. "A lie can be met and fought out right, but a lie that is half a truth is a harder thing to fight." The latter is what we have to deal with and we may well begin now. Every morning fully 60,000,000 people are reading these "cooked-up" reports ourselves included. The accounts even turn our feelings against our outraged brother in the South, how much more those persons who believe that white is superior to black and "must govern." Astonishing about these accounts, they never speak of the manner of carrying elections in the South. They never tell how many Negroes are disfranchise on election day and how many were murdered. They never tell how those states, where the black people predominate give such large Democratic majorities, and elect all Democratic congressmen. It remains for the colored press of the county to tell that side, and unless we get to work at once in that direction our future condition will be more pitiable than our past. Does not the northern people know that this is a struggle by the South for what it lost in the late contest? Do not they know that it is by this means that the South wants to prove to them that the freedom of the slaves was a crime against civilization and humanity? There should be at least in this country a northern daily paper, and a western daily paper, and the other side of this question should be placed before the people every day. In the eagerness of the southern press to inflame northern sentiment it even lies about an arrest of a colored man in North Carolina to such an extend that the mayor of Oxford, N. C., had to publicly deny the truthfulness of the report. That is only one instance out of a dozen; and no doubt at the coming election he will be "elected" to stay at home. In Virginia, Maryland and Mississippi the Negro question will be the "tariff" of the campaign. The southern press is preparing the northern mind for the murder, raping of the ballot box, and and villany that will take place at that time. All of these lynchings, race wars, out-breaks, uprisings are only the Johns, the Baptist to what is to follow. We need at once organization of capital, organization of intelligence and organization of the press and move forward against the batteries of the enemy. The Freeman stands at the head of Negro journalism in this country. Strengthen it and it will speak from Indianapolis in no uncertain sound. The race must strike back in self-defense, and "he who dallies is a dastard, he who doubts is damned."

Man is not the only victim of the combination craze. Even ducks as they hatch their eggs start at once to pool their issues.

PENSACOLA PARAGRAPHS.

Discrimination in the School---A Minister Objects to Criticisms---News Nuggets.

Pensacola, Fla., special to The Freeman.

I was surprised to hear of a divine damning me from his pulpit about what I said concerning the ministry a few weeks ago, and also to have the most erudite, gentlemanly and refined of the clergy here to stop me on the street and heartily approve what I had said. No minister can say that I have ever treated him otherwise than as a divine should be treated. The gentlemen who are engaged in dishing out that stuff to me had better desist before I tell some solid truths about them which would cause their bishops to trot them to the swamps or out of existence.

President Harrison gladdened the hearts of a great many of us last week by appointing Major F. C. Humphreys as postmaster. The applicants for positions under the appointee are numerous. We have a great many young gentlemen who would creditably fill any position that this gentleman may see fit to give them. Prominent among them are R. H. Matthews, Whitfield Dupont, Alexander Oliver, J. T. Mark, E. H. Kelly and others.

E. J. Kemble, the secretary of the K. of L., has opened a first class restaurant with all modern improvements. He has large ventilated rooms, handsomely furnished and well adapted for the accommodation of individual guests as well as families. Wedding parties a specialty. This establishment is known as the "Escambia Dining Rooms," at 108 West Zarragossa street. Any one visiting Pensacola and wishing to secure good iodgings should go to this house. He showed me through the entire building and I found everything to present a first-class appearance.

Mr. W. H. Harvey, of the A. M. E. Z. Undertaker's Association, made a flying visit to Mobile, Ala., last week, and purchased while there a first-class white hearse. This purchase enables him to say that he is properly prepared to conduct his business as he desires to. He has shown wonderful business tact since he has become manager of the association.

We note with profound pleasure the rapid strides being made by Mr. Geo. Green, of Pensacola-Brewton, husband of our public school teacher, Mrs. M. F. Green, He is engaged in the furniture business and has purchased a great many choice lots.

The colored teachers' institute promises to be a brilliant affair, commencing Oct. 1, and continuing four days. Three or four of the State's chief educators will be in attendance. Prominent among them will be the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. A. J. Russell. The schools for colored children here are a hard thing to understand. The whites have a large and costly building with one of the best principals in the country at a handsome salary, with eight or nine able and efficient assistants, receiving also snug salaries, and have also in the country several smaller buildings, with good teachers and good salaries, of course. But there is but one shanty owned by the powers that be for the colored children. They rent several places in such a dilapidated condition that they are almost beyond use. All of the colored teachers, of course, receive starvation salaries. But you ought to just hear the speeches of these distinguished (white, of course,) school officials, both State and county, at this institute, referring to the interest that they take in the education of the colored children. In justice to the colored people of this city they should erect in a suitabie locality a sufficient building to accommodate the hundreds of colored children who knock at the school house door for entrance, and employ a principal at a decent salary with sufficient and good assistants so as to make the schools something more than a mere name. A portion of the Blair educational bill is sadly needed here so far as the colored people are concerned, and we ask as a despised and oppressed people who put a high value on education, a people who are denied nearly all the rights that they are entitled to as citizens, that all the Congressmen who care anything for the advancement and the education of the poor colored people in this section of the Jeff Davisdom that they vote for the passage of the bill.

REV. WILLIAM H. HEARD.

Presiding Elder of the Lancester District of the A. M. E. Church.---A Self-Made Minister.

The subject of this sketch was born of slave parents in Elbert county, Ga., where he was raised a slave until the surrender of Lee in 1865.

He lost his mother when but nine years old, and, being the oldest of the four children living, acted as parent, for his father lived seven miles away and could come to see these little motherless children but once every two weeks, but he slipped in to see them much oftener, walking fourteen miles. William had a thirst for books and learned his alphabet by hearing the white children repeat it, but he had not seen the letters and knew nothing of their shape, size and color. In July 1865 a poor white boy was employed by the father of William, he saw the letters for the first time, so with Webster's blue black speller and Davie's elements of arithmetic he started to build the foundation of an education. Having no mother, his father being poor and with three other children, his school days were only three and four months a year but he advanced far enough to begin teaching in 1869. He taught four years when he went to South Carolina where he continued to teach and go to school until he entered the junior class in college, but he obtained a great deal outside of the school room, for he reads Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He was always a leader of the people so he was nominated for the Legislature of Georgia when but twenty-one years of age. He was elected to the Chamberlain House in South Carolina in 1876. He suffered much for the Republican party and yet he had the respect of white and colored as an honest, straight forward Republican. He was the editor of the first colored paper published in Georgia, the "Athens Blade." He was married in December 1869 to Miss Amanda C. Blackwell, who assisted him in obtaining an education. She died in 1880 and he married the talented Miss Josephine D. Henderson, of Charlotte, N. C. in 1882. She is the present Miss Josie D. Heard, whose cut appear- in The Freeman the second time. Her features speak for her. Rev. Heard entered the ministry of the A. M. E. Church in January 1880, at Macon. Georgia, under Bishop J. P. Campbell, D. D,, and was ordained Deacon and Elder by Bishop William Fisher Dickerson, D. D., who died in December 1885. When Mr. Heard entered the ministry he gave up a clerkship in the postal service, paying $1,500 per year, and was transferred to Aiken, Ala., a charge that had only paid his predecessor $335, but this charge paid Rev. Heard $800 per annum, house rent and fuel. Here Mr. Heard proved his ability as a minister. He nearly doubled the membership, built a six room parsonage and remodled the church paying every cent of the debt incurred, and taking to conference for the general fund three or four times as much as had been taken before. From Aiken he was sent to Mt. Zion Church, Charleston, S. C., a church having more than ten thousand dollars indebtedness, here he remained nearly three years and during this time the church was destroyed by the cyclone of '86 and the earthquake of '87, Yet the debt was reduced three thousand dollars, all repairing paid for and a pipe organ put in the church at a cost of $1,800. In fact he raised over eighteen thousand dollars and increased the membership more than two hundred. He was a Trustee of Wilberforce University and also Allen University, Columbia, S. C., and Secretary of the conference which met at Marion in 1887. He was a delegate to the general conference of 1888, and did much in shaping its legislation and electing its Bishops. He took a transfer to the Philadelphia conferance in 1888 and was stationed at Allen Chapel Philadelphia, here his work was very successful and added more than one hundred persons to the church and reported $211 in money. He is now a trustee of Wilberforce and presiding elder, and is a very popular preacher none draw larger congregations than he in the city of "Brotherly love" where little attention is paid to any preacher. He preaches plain practical sermons and the gospel unadulterated.

Rev. William H. Heard is small in in statue and is forty years of age.

J. M. R.

Philadelphia, Pa.

She Bloomed Again.

Philadelphia Record.

"I was once a footlight favorite, and men showered me with pearls and diamonds. Oh! can I be young again?' she exclaimed with the fervor of a maiden of sixty-two summers. "You shall be queen of the May," responded Dr. Brown-Sequard, as he proceeded to his laboratory and slaughtered a fresh guinea pig.

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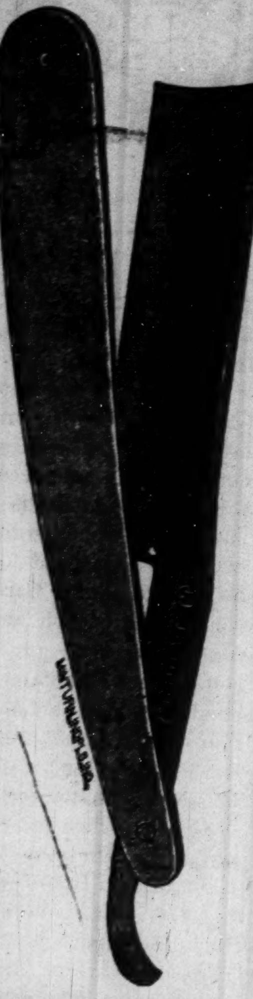

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 5, 1889.

We take this method to inform our many friends that the National Baptist Convention will convene with the Second Baptist Church, Sept. 10th, 1889. As there will be a large delegation in attendance, we ask our friends to assist us to accommodate them, as we assisted our Methodist brethren in providing for their delegates to the General Conference. We now ask them to reciprocate. We will call to see you soon.

As this grand and intelligent body will be a credit to the city, we hope all will assist us to make their stay a pleasant one.

J. W. CARR,
E. B. MARTIN,
N. A. SEYMORE, Committee.
C. WILLIAMS,
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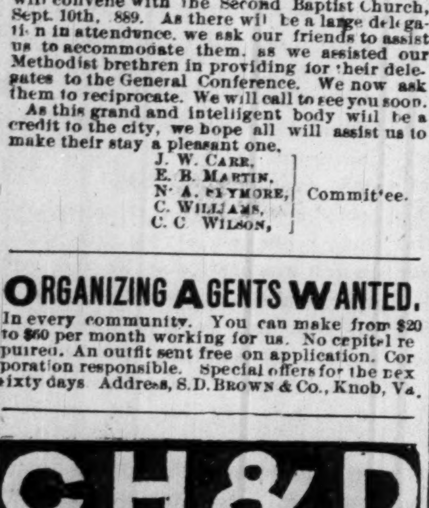

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Virtues of Mad-Stones.

Under the heading "What I know about mad-stones," a correspondent writes to the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent as follows: "About fifteen or sixteen years ago I providentially came in possession of several mad-stones, said to be genuine, which I doubted. Still their virtue has surpassed all former reports. I regarded it as the last act of folly for any person to die from the bite of a mad dog, snakes or poisonous insect if within the reach of a mad-stone. I have also used them in many diseases as an experiment and have seldom failed in making a perfect cure, to my delight and the relief of the sufferer. Losing sight of the cures from the bites of dogs and snakes, I will mention only such as I treated. I have cured neuralgia in its worst form, sunpain, sore eyes, bruises, pain in the back, head or located pains, high fever and delirium, bone felon and kindred diseases. They are of much value in bad cases of erysipelas and poison oak. Cured one case of rising breast in this country after six or seven weeks of intense suffering, all other remidies having failed to give relief. Three applications of the mad-stone relieved and cured her. The worse the disease the easier the cure, when there is inflamation, poison or fever sufficient to cause the mad-stone to adhere. I have never seen a failure. I have seen the water turn green while cleansing the mad-stone. No faith is required, only descase. I once had the honor of curing a distingnished physician of a violent attack of neuralgia, after his remedies had failed. Rather than die he concluded to send for me and try the mad-stone. I applied it and he went to sleep in ten minutes, and when he awoke he was relieved and cured. I only have confidence in their virtue when they effect a cure. I have seen persons suffering intense pain and in less than ten minutes after applying the mad-stone they would be sound asleep dreaming of some happy land. The origin is a great mystery to many persons. I know the origin of mine and it can make no difference to the person cured whether they are bone, stone, wood, created or manufactured.

A Converted Assassin.

City-front pedestrians were edified recently, says the San Francisco Examiner, by the eloquence of the first Chinese evangelist who has made his appearance in that locality. He announced his name as Ah Qui. He did not claim any connection with either the Salvation Army or the Holiness Band.

"Ten years ago I was a very bad man," said he. "What you call highbinders here, that's what I was in Canton. I worked for a big mandarin fifteen years. During that time I killed fifty-one people for money. Twenty of them were women. I will tell you how I was converted. My master set his eyes on a Christian Chinese girl, but could not get her, so I was sent to kill her. I was to receive ten dollars for the act. I found her alone in the house one night, and on her refusal to accompany me to my master I told her she must die. She asked time to pray. I was so affected that the knife dropped from my hand, and that incident led me to Christianity. I grew to love her and she became my wife. The preacher at whose house she lived married us.

"One night we were seized and carried to the house of my former master. He ordered me to murder her, and I refused to do it. Then he said that another would perform that office and that I could end my days by hari-kari. His order was obeyed in one case. They disrobed my wife, and three men bound her, while a third cut off limb after limb. She prayed for them while they were doing this as long as she had breath in her body."

At this point Qui leaped into the air and shrieked three unearthly yells, while the crowd who had listened to the weird story stood aghast with suppressed excitement. He seemed to be insane for at least a minute. Then wiping his eyes, he exclaimed: "The next day I escaped, and here I am."

The exhortation which followed lasted for at least ten minutes, and was intensely earnest. He said that he proposed to go through this land and tell the story of his conversion to show the power of grace.

A Story of Irving Bishop.

Harrison Millard, the ballad singer who accompanied the late Washington Irving Bishop on his mind-reading tours, tell the following anecdote of him, says the San Francisco Argenaut: While in Honolulu he was passing the evening with a small but very gay party. One of the ladies expressed her disbelief in the power of any hypnotizer to influence her. Mr. Bishop experimented upon her in the usual way, and when he ordered her to remain rigid with her arms extended no force could bend her limbs. As she was sitting on a chair her foot was raised so that her leg was out straight and rigid. The party, after tiring somewhat of its experiments, adjourned to the piazza of the house. Mr. Bishop, as he passed his subject, in a joke elevated the limb still higher, until it was almost perpendicular, and then left her in that unique position. As the hour was late and his horse was at the door waiting to carry him home, about six miles away, he jumped in the saddle, entirely forgetting his subject.

On his arrival home he found the telephone ringing as if possessed of evil spirits. Mr. Bishop answered the call at once. He was told that every means had been exhausted by the parties left behind in the house to get the limb back its normal position. They urged him to ride back as fast as possible to relieve the subject from her peculiar pose. He telephoned them to send for a doctor, who, by injecting a little morphine, could accomplish the desired result. Next time he met the young lady she made him promise on his word of honor never to exercise his hypnotic power over her, and only on this condition was he pardoned for the cruel practical joke played upon her.

* * *

Miss Lovelorn—"Did you mean that as a smile at me?" Oldbeau—"No my dear it was a twinge of rheumatism."—Epoch.

Gems of Thought.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.—Lydia Maria Child.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability.—Bentzel Steman.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.—Bulwer Lytton.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Be it true or false, what is said about men often has as much influence upon their lives, and especially upon their destinies, as what they do.—Victor Hugo.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.—Bacon.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

An invisible hand from heaven mingles hearts and souls by strange, secret and unaccountable conjunctions.—South.

Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of nature that overawes our little anxieties and doubts; the sight of the deep-blue sky, and the clustering stars above seem to impart a quiet to the mind.—Jonathan Edwards.

It may serve for a great lesson of humiliation to mankind to behold the habits and passions of men trampling over interest, friendship, honor and their own personal safety, as well as that of their country.—Swift.

If so were it possible that all other ornaments of mind might be had in their full perfection, nevertheless the mind that should possess them, divorced from piety could be but a spectacle of commiseration.—Hooker.

Genteel Gambling.

Among the traditions of the racetrack is the irrevocable character of a decision of the judges once announced. It can not be set aside. This arbitrary power is not often abused. The mistake at Washington park on Saturday was obviously a mistake, but it had to stand. The Washington park authorities would not set it aside, but having a monopoly of pool-selling in Chicago it behooved them to maintain a reputation for fair dealing. Red Light had won, but the judges had decided that Baggage was the winner, and the bookmakers had made disbursement in accordance with the decision. If the tickets issued on Red Light were to be redeemed the Washington Park club, proprietor of the only authorized gambling house in the county, must assume the burden. This they have resolved to do.

The action is of its kind creditable, but the spectacle of an organization having a certain favorable repute sitting in solemn conclave to determine the rights and wrongs of gamblers betting under its auspices is not encouraging to public morals. None of the club would care to be identified with a faro-bank or a poker-room, however squarely conducted. Wherein lies the difference between betting on the outcome of a horse-race and on the turn of a card? The method differs, but the morality or immorality is the same, and the demoralization is even greater. The air of legality and respectability given to the gambling at Washington park beguiles people who would not be seen entering a well-known gambling-hell. Forty thousand people were present on Derby day and the betting quarter adjoining the dram shop was so crowded that forty book-making firms had hardly room to operate. In a year's play a faro bank could not begin to do the betting business done in a few hours at Washington park.

We profess to have certain standards of morality. But, practically, Hamlet was right. There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so. Gambling is bad on Washington street and good at Washington park. To copper an ace is disreputable. To back a "hoss" is respectable.—Chicago Times.

Dancing in Florida.

Two men who have been on a five months' alligator hunt through the state tell the Monticello (Fla.) Constitution a queer story about a dancing party they encountered in Lafayette county. The people came from all directions, in all sorts of vehicles—the old man, the old woman, all the children, and with boxes and baskets of provisions. Two young fellows were on hand, one with a fiddle and the other with a banjo. At dark the babies were all put to sleep in the wagons, while the older ones gathered at the house and began dancing, which continued four days and nights. When the musicians would tire others, who could play only one tune, would take their place, and in that way kept the dance going. During the time the dancers would take a nap they would get into their wagons and sleep for a few hours and then be ready for another twenty-four-hours' dance.

She Saved Her Lover.

One morning lately two Berlin doctors of medicine were about to satisfy their "honor" by a duel. The signal to prepare was about to be given when the fiancee of one combatant appeard with a revolver and threatened to shoot the first who raised his weapon, swearing that the duel should only take place over her corpse. Her lover had written a letter of farewell in the event of his being killed, and she, receiving it in time had arrived at the critical moment. She effected a reconciliation.

Lem Hill's Funeral.

Another of the queer characters in White Horse camp was a man known as Lem Hill. He was, says the New York Sun, as mild as buttermilk and as dull as a hoe, and no one ever thought of asking his advice or interesting themselves in his affairs. One day he took sick, and after a period lasting about three weeks it was seen that he must die. It was deemed best that some one should break the news to him, and so "Judge" Kelso dropped in and said:

"Lem, you are going to turn up your toes before another sunrise?"

The Judge didn't mean to be sudden or unfeeling, but that was his way.

"I guess I am, quietly replied Lem.

"Well, that pint being settled and no exceptions taken, what last request hev ye got to make? We want to do the fair thing, you know, although it's a busy time."

"Kin I hev a funeral!" queried Lem.

"You kin."

"Reg'lar procession?"

"Yes."

I don't expect any coffin, of course, but I'd like to hev the affair pulled of reasonably decent. You kin plant me on the hill beside the Frenchman. I guess we won't quarrel."

"Yes, we'll do that, though it's purty hard diggin' up thar."

"Needn't mind going over a couple of feet," said Lem, "and the fellers with the body had better take the left-hand path as they go up; it's easier to climb."

"Got any wealth?" asked the judge, after a moment's silence.

"A couple of ounces, mebbe."

"Mighty slim show for a big spread on that, but we can't help it. Well, Lem, it's my busy day, you know, and I must cut this short. Hope you won't take offense."

"Oh certainly not. Don't neglect work on my account. Suthin' said at the grave?"

"Just a few words, Lem, and I'll say 'em myself. I'll practice up this afternoon and git some whisky to clear my throat. I want to make a decent job of it."

"What'll you say?"

"Why, that you died happy—hev left an aching void—we shall all miss you—cut down in yer prime. I'll lay it on purty thick."

"Well, I'm sure I couldn't ask for more, and perhaps it's better than I could expect. So long, judge. Go back to your work, and I'll go on with my dying."

And the judge left the shanty whistling as was his wont, and Lem had been dead over an hour before word came to us down in the gulch. The funeral came off the next morning, and it has always been a pleasant remembrance with me that the judge did considerable better than he agreed to. He gave two eulogies in place of one, and after the burial he licked one of the men who wouldn't knock off work to attend.

Earth's Greatest Egg-Eater.

Thick-skulled Andrew Hull, broken-necked Barney Baldwin, fat Farmer Schlummemberger, who wants a wife, and all the other freaks and curiosities at Worth's Museum have had their noses put out of joint this week by Champion Egg-Crank Edward Manning, who is exhibiting himself on a wager that he will eat 100 raw eggs a day, for two weeks.

Mr. Manning modestly admits that he is a crank of the first water, and he is undoubtedly the greatest egg-eater in the world.

The first day he ate 105 eggs as a starter. Yesterday he got away with 120, and his stomach seems to stand it all right.

He eats fifteen or twenty at a time, and does this six or seven times a day, last night he ate fifteen in twelve seconds, and didn't seem to mind it at all.

Manning is a florid-complexioned young man of 21 summers. He was born in Ireland and brought up in Connecticut, where he contracted the egg habit at an early age. Sometimes he eates shells and all, but usually he breaks the eggs into glasses and tosses them off one after another, with a glass of vinegar for seasoning, for all the world like a Japanese juggler playing with glass balls.

"I started eating eggs on a wager last Feburary, and then my friends went at me to go into a museum. I won the wager of $500 eating thirteen dozen in two hours and a half in Boston. I had four hours to do it in.

"Since then I have been eating from 100 to 200 eggs a day. I couldn't get along without them now.

"What is my record? I ate seventy-two eggs in sixty seconds in Philadelphia two weeks ago, and I don't beleive any one could beat that."

Manning's eggs are paid for, but he will get nothing more if he fails to come to time on the two weeks' contract. If he wins he will get $40, and this will be doubled every additional week that he can keep it up.

The eggs swallowed yesterday by Manning weighed twenty-six pounds by actual weight.—New York Evening World.

Mrs. Garfield's Fortune.

The subscription raised for Mrs. Garfield through the instrumentality of Cyrus W. Field aggregated, when invested in government bonds, about $312,000. Gen. Garfield's life was insured for $50,000 the payment of which the companies, for the sake of the extended advertisement it would give them, if for no other purpose, promptly made. Congress also voted her the remainder of the salary which would have been due Gen. Garfield for the first year of service as president, which amounted to $40,000. The little estate which Garfield left aggregated some $30,000. This was all that he had been able to accumulate after a life of unusual activity. This makes her total estate, in round numbers, about $450,000 in money well invested. From this an income of probably $16,000 is derived. In addition to that she has from congress an annual pension of $5,000, which is now voted to the widows of all ex-presidents. This fortune hasn't decreased since James A. Garfield's death.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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. MAJORICA.

BY ANNETTA J. HALLIDAY.

A small, conical-shaped island, high and steep, with a broad reef of sand to the northward, the natural rock terrace with many ridges, rising one above the other, thickly planted and showing the result of many centuries of labor; the drooping citron flowers, the fiery azaleas, the silver-gray olive and the dazzling green of the orange trees, forming a luxuriant and picturesque whole, towering upward in the golden, misty vapor of an early summer day.

What repose is here!

These skies are softest azure, the bending fringe of blossoms, the dreamy blue of the iris lilies and the yellow gladiola and great scarlet poppies contrasting so beautifully with the bronze, and sea-green and purple of the ilex leaves and the snowy whiteness of the arbutus and acacia, while everywhere, stretching away to indefinite horizons, spreads the trembling sea, its long expanse of waves glitering with the tints opal, violet and gold.

Around this summer islet, set like a jewel in the bosom of the Mediterranean, cluster memories of Liszt's weird music, of the dream nocturnes of Chopin, of the incomparable genius of Madame Sand, and scenes which have faded out of the real world forever, suddenly appear again as in a vision.

It is Majorca, fair Majorca!

A boat with a picturesque sail of Venetian red had been drawn upon the sand, and a man of perhaps thirty years or more disembarked.

He threw a coin to the boatman and then sauntered leisurely up the dusty, rock-cut road.

His is a face, once seen, never forgotten, the restless almost indescribable eyes, full of flame, with a tawny light in them, not unlike a tiger furtively watching his prey; the gaunt, emaciated, supernatural figure, looking like an indifferently-dressed skeleton, the long, lank hair straggling down over his shoulders, an awkward, shambling gait, as if his bones had been loosely strung together upon wires and the wires had become unfastened.

Altogether he was an exceptional being to behold in the flesh.

Suddenly he wheeled around and addressed the boatman.

"How far to the hotel?" said he, in purest Castilian.

"Does the Senor wish for the city? It is yet two miles ahead. Or has Don Senor the intention of stopping with Carlos to-night? There is no hotel nearer than the city, but Dios! What more can you want than you shall find with Carlos—meat, drink, and a blessing from Our Lady!"

A demoniacal grin appeared for an instant upon the listener's face, but it vanished almost as quickly, as he spoke.

"Peace, fool! what care I for blessings from any one!" he asked in a harsh voice; "is there no inn, nothing on this island nearer than two miles? Who is this man Carlos, and what does he keep?"

And the fisherman, recovering somewhat from his astonishment, made answer:

"Carlos Muyez, respected Senor, is a farmer who lives alone with his daughter Gulnare, but his lands are broad, his barns are full; there is enough to spare for man and beast."

"And where do I find this paragon of hospitality?" inquired the stranger.

"Scarcely fifty paces ahead, dear Senor; you are sure to be welcome. *Dios guarda a Usted, caballero!*" (God be with you, cavalier.")

"*Addios!*" responded the other, carelessly.

"He is a heretic or worse," thought the simple fisherman as he pulled his boat about and hoisted his sail.

"He is uncanny-looking, like the picture hung near Our Blessed Lady in the chapel of Las Trinitas, and that man in that picture was in league with the devil, too." And as he pushed off he crossed himself reverently.

Meanwhile, the tall, ungainly figure sauntered slowly up the path to the farm house, He looked around abstractedly at times, and then paused, talking to himself out loud, gesticulating wildly, then breaking into a loud laugh.

Down the white path strewn thick with bright flowers, came a young girl, carrying one of the large baskets of flowers, so frequently seen in the streets of Palma, the capital of the island.

She was a picture after the wonderful beauty of the Spanish peasant girls; under the torn brim of the unfastened hat, the curls fell, dark thick and clustering, and the brown flesh tints were measured with a rare richness of color.

Suddely the large, black eyes became as if transfixed, there was in them a mixture of wonder, fear and fascination as they fell upon the uncouth form approaching her.

The next instant she was aware of the stranger's intense gaze and stood almost motionless, as a bird charmed by a serpent.

Then she trembled involuntarily from head to foot.

A strange smile stole over the pale, haggard face of the man, a smile which seemed to break the spell of mesmeric power, and the startled girl passed on.

She reached the shore and stood upon the sandy beach, gazing wistfully up and down the vast waste of waters, in search of some one, now and then casting a timid look backward, as if she feared the weird stranger might again cross her path.

Presently her watching was rewarded. A boat rounded the curve of the island and shot rapidly into the little bay.

As its keel grated upon the sand, a handsome young fellow leaped on shore, wearing a red Levatine cap, with a dash of yellow in it, a short Zouave jacket trimmed with buttons, and a blue sash tied at the side, the ends terminating in knotted fringe.

His eyes were dark and piercing, with something of the falcon in their depths, his nose aquiline, but his clear olive skin bore the traces of a warmer sun than that of Italy or Spain, and his garb bespoke a sailor of the Orient in holiday attire.

He approached the young girl and raised one of her hands to his lips.

"Ah Leonidas!" she exclaimed, in a language which was neither Spanish nor Italian, you are late to-day. I can only be absent until sundown, see——" (displaying her basket of flowers); "father thinks I have taken these to sell in the city. We must be quick. It is not often we can steal a holiday together in this way. Come, let us go!"

The young fellow thus addressed, assisted her into the craft he had just quitted and springing in after her he took advantage of the momentary breeze and they were soon standing out to sea on the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"How I love you, dearest!" he cried, bending toward her tenderly. "Do you know that five days of absence have only too well convinced me that I can exist but for you?"

"Yet, Leonidas," said the girl at length, "we cannot go on in this way and I dare not tell my father of our love: shall it never be made holy by marriage? Shall I never hear the blessing of the priest upon you and me, my own?"

The man was silent; finally he spoke:

"You know why not, Gulnare, as well as I do. You cannot forsake your faith, how can I abandon mine? Pray to your saints, for the consummation of our love, my darling, pray to your saints and I will beseech the prophets."

"And yet, Leonidas, I have prayed so to Our Blessed Lady to make you a Christian that I feel sure she will answer my prayers."

"Dear little soul! were it my heart's blood that you asked of me, I would only regret I have but one to shed for you; were it my honor, I would fling it at your feet, but the faith of my parents——O Gulnare! how can I tell you how many times my mother comes to me in dreams, her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes full of tears—'Leonidas, my son!' she cries to me, 'by all of our holy prophets I beseech you to cling to the true faith.' O Gulnare! think of it, and when I see you, dearest, even my best resolutions, my tenderest memories seem fading away, and I say to myself, Hindoo, Turk, Jew or Christian—what should I care! I cannot live without ter!"

He spoke with the intensity of his race and clime, his rude eloquence stirring the heart of the young girl with a force she had never experienced before.

They glided on in silence a few moments, then Gulnare spoke:

"My Leonidas!" said she, "whatever your belief may be, I know not. That it is something powerful I acknowledge, or it could not hold you in its grasp; but what care we at present! We are together today with none to dispute the right. Is it not enough?"

Her glorious eyes, dark as night and lustrous as starshine, met his, his hands trembled, that look fired his whole soul, and for a moment he lost his self-command.

Her hands lay clasped in her lap.

He reached forward and took them in his own. His burning lips touched them and he looked at her with an adoration so intense, a love so passionate that she could not meet his gaze.

The glittering spires and cupolas of Palma were in sight now; yonder, in the fierce sunlight, gleamed the royal palace, and near it with a rushing sound and a wild, tumultuous music, fell the waters of the Xemor.

The little boat shot under the arches of the Ponte Rossa and disappeared from sight.

At the corner of the street by the fountain of St. Jerome, stood two men, evidently Spanish citizens, eagerly conversing over a scrap of paper, which had the appearance of a play bill and which bore these words:

"*Paganini fara sentire il suo violino.*"

"They say he is in league with the devil," said one of the men, "and thou rememberest, Juan, the night in Madrid, when the city was sleeping, but the heart of the woods was alive and he walked down the long avenue in the moonlight and the very birds paused and listened."

"Yes, Jose," answered the other; "they paused because the notes were like theirs, only more exquisite and high, and the next morning the journals were full of the strange whistler.'"

"So he comes here to-morrow night; well perhaps we may see each other there. They say he is a great man as well as a musician; here comes Manuel in hot haste. What has happened?"

A third figure joined them.

"Have you heard the news?" cried he who was called Manuel.

"News! no. What news?" exclaimed the other two, in a breath.

"Carlos de Muyez has discovered that Gulnare's lover is a Greek Jew, and has sworn to kill him if he ever comes near her again."

"*Dios mios!* poor children!" said Jose, "and they are both here this afternoon. And so Carlos has just found out the truth?"

"Which he might have known long ago, had he sense enough to understand the bit of yellow in the boy's cap," grumbled Juan.

"Alas yes! but parents are blind sometimes," answered Manuel. "A good day to you, gentlemen. If either of you should see Leonidas, tell him 'tis best to love at home, else he wishes a price on his head. *Addois!*"

And they seperated.

* * * * * * * * *

Twilight on the Mediterranean. Over all the sky was that soft, dim violet blue, that is so lovely and so mystical, and that one sees nowhere, save in southern skies.

It was like a dream scene, painted on canvas.

A boat drifted close to the shore, its two occupants seemingly unmindful of its course.

The hour was in harmony with them, soft, subdued and tremulous, with the low whisper from murmuring boughs and waving grasses, and amorous with sighs from balmy breezes, full of the sweetness of flowers which have been kissed by lovers.

"You will be a Christian one day, Leonidas," said the girl at length. "I am sure of it."

"I would value the being so, only for your sake. Will it make me dearer in your eyes?"

She looked at him. How supremely lovely she was. Any man might have found his happiness in such love as her face portrayed then.

"Gulnare, flower of the Pomegranate and rightly named," he whispered, "answer me—will I be dearer to you, then?"

"You cannot," she said softly and shyly.

The words seemed to intoxicate him with joy. He gazed in unspoken rapture on her.

Suddenly from the rose thicket beyond the water came the sound of a violin.

They listened for some moments in silence. It was not any music they had heard before; it was nothing that seemed to come from the bidding of a mortal—a wild, weird melody that had all the despair of death, all the cravings of love, all the abandonment of passion.

Gulnare moved restlessly, the color came and went in her cheeks, a sigh escaped from her lips, her eyes avoided those of her companion, for it was not in human nature to hear such music unmoved.

Above the line of foliage, rising like a spectre from the waters, gleamed the pale silver of the moon; great burning stars throbbed in the pure saphire of the sky.

As they drifted onward, toward the shore, leaf and shade fell over them in friendly gloom; his arms closed around her, with a passionate sigh their lips met, and she rested silently against his heart.

What need of words, since all of language could hold nothing sweeter?

All the happiness that life could contain was gathered and garnered into that one most exquisite hour, when, alone together upon the Mediterranean, they drifted under the shadow of the shore, with no thought for the future.

The boat's keel grated upon the sand and as Leonidas Gulnare stepped upon the beach, two figures emerged from the thick woods beyond.

"Dog of a Jew!" cried one, "dost dare to love the daughter of a Christian? Thou dog, whose ancestors drove our blessed Savior on, when he was aweary and refused to let him sit, thinkest thou that I will be more merciful to thee! Hence, I say, hence, or by the blessed saints, thou'lt ne'er again see Greece!"

At the first sound of her father's voice, Gulnare drew tremblingly closer to Leonidas and in mute confidence waited for him to speak.

"Now by the faith of my fathers," he exclaimed, the hot blood mounting to his forehead at the words addressed to him, "Jew thou hast called me, but thou shalt acknowledge that a Jew can love and honor a woman, yes, often better than a Christian. It is true, sir, I do dare to love your daughter, she dares to love me, and although we differ in belief and it is in direct opposition to the rules of my religion, I shall yet call her wife."

"Never!" shouted Carlos de Muyez.

"Never, I say! What! the child of a Christian unite to a Jewish cur! Have a care, young sir, these threats are not in vain."

The stranger who had accompanied de Muyez, thrust his violin under his arm and drew near to Gulnare.

"Do not be afraid," he whispered to her; "you and your love shall not be separated. I promise you, remember, I promise you."

The girl stole a frightened glance at him. Was it possible that this was the weird stranger whom she had met early in the afternoon when she had stolen down to the beach with a basket of flowers to meet her lover?

Yes, it was the same uncouth figure, but how came he here with her father?

Leonidas was speaking.

"Sir," he said, "it is the prejudice of race; I have yet to learn that a Jew cannot make as good a husband as a Catholic Christian. Do we ever force our wives to work? No. Do we ever beat them? No. Do we ever break our old Mosaic law, which says: 'Heed that women work not, for they are the handmaidens of the Lord?'"

He turned suddenly to Gulnare.

"Speak, tell your father," he said, "that our love is mutual. Tell him, dearest, that you will go away with me to my own land; tell him, dost thou love me, Gulnare?"

"I love you better than my life, yes, better than my soul," she answered solemnly.

"O *Dios mios!*" yelled the father, almost beside himself with fury, "is it my flesh and blood speaking to me? Wretch of a girl, come hither and dare not to speak to him again."

"*Padre mios!*" pleaded Gulnare, dropping upon her knees, "listen a little to me. We will be so good if only you will let me marry him. You shall have nothing in the world to complain of, my father."

"Get up, thou fool!", cried her father, deaf to her prayers and entreaties, "get up I say; nothing short of a miracle would tempt me," then he softened a little, "Get up, my daughter," he said, "and come home with me; we will try and forget it all."

"Father!" the girl spoke firmly and clearly, "father, I can never leave Leonidas; he is nearer to me than all else," and she drooped her beautiful eyes before the passionate gaze of her lover.

Leonidas slid one arm about her waist, kissed her fondly and then stood defiantly waiting for Carlos to speak.

In the meantime, the strange violinist had disappeared.

The sky which, up to this time, had been so perfect, now showed signs of a storm.

Heavy clouds riven with spaces of light, were driving before the wind which had suddenly sprung up.

The waters of the Mediterranean seemed troubled as if an unquiet spirit had unexpectedly made his abode with them.

The long white line of foam rolled up upon the shore with a sound almost human. Enraged at the daring act of the Jew, the Spaniard rushed forward, stiletto uplifted. Leonidas gently thrust Gulnare behind him.

"Nothing save a miracle shall spare thee now, I swear it by the Madonna," cried the infuriated Carlos, pausing an instant with hand upraised.

All in an instant he recoiled, and fell upon his knees, a look of horror staring in his eyes.

"O Holy Mother!" he gasped, "the Jew is safe. I called upon thee and thou hast answered me," and he began saying his "Aves" with a trembling voice.

Gulnare and her lover turned and looked behind them in the direction in which the frightened man had pointed.

There, shining forth in the thick darkness from the topmost limb of a tree, gleamed a crucifix, emblem of the Catholic faith.

There were gems of various colors in it, shining like living things.

A figure was extended upon this cross and every nail was a precious stone; the crown of thorns was all diamonds.

In the side, resembling the mark of a soldier's spear, glowed a costly ruby; an emerald represented the nail in the feet; a sapphire the wound in the right hand.

Fresh with the teachings of her faith, Gulnare fell upon her knees also.

"Leonidas, beloved," she whispered. "Our Blessed Mother is speaking to us. O *Padre mios!*" turning to her father. "thou wilt no longer dispute on our love. See our dear Mother sanctions."

Carlos rose to his feet and advanced toward the young Jew, who stood so proudly with arms folded, waiting for the result.

"Son of an alien race!" he exclaimed, "I had intended ere another day's sun that thou should'st sail for Greece or leave thy bones alone here. I said nothing but a miracle should save you. Mary, Our Blessed Mother, has answered me. I dare not interfere with your love for my Gulnare; I dare not, for all the hosts of heaven uphold you," and he extended his hand.

From the deep shades beyond, came the shambling figure of the stranger.

He seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the three people before him, and walked past them, his violin under his arm.

Suddenly he stopped upon the beach, where the occasional moonlight through the clouds upon the wave-wet sand, threw his weird shadow into deep relief.

He glanced about, and seizing his violin, hugged it tightly between his chin and chest.

Then he raised his bow and dashed it down like a sledge hammer upon the strings.

He seemed in accord with the elements, the swelling wavelets breaking crisply at his feet, the wind, with fitful and angry howl, driving inland the foam of the breakers, and the shriek of the retiring surge running through several descending semi tones.

The three people listened with awe. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

The distant roar of the approaching storm, the weird, wonderful music, giving glimpses into a hell, purgatory and paradise beyond the dreams even of Dante, and above them all sparkled the beautiful mystic cross.

Suddenly the stranger's words, "I promise you," flashed over Gulnare's mind.

"Who is he?" she whispered to her father.

"I know not," was the answer; "he came for a bit of food as he journeys to Palma to-night. He is an unknown. I have not even his name."

"He is a saint," thought the simple peasant girl; "he has brought Leonidas and me together."

"Oh, sir!" she cried, as the music ceased, "I will pray for you ever. You shall always have my prayers."

The stranger took her hand and raised it to his lips for a brief second.

"Gentle maid," he said, "I care not too much for prayers, they are of no service to me; but deign to give Nicolo a thought now and then, and it is the utmost he would ask," and with a salute to them all, he glided noiselessly again into the woods.

The storm which had been so long in gathering, now broke furiously.

The Jew approached the Spaniard and with both hands extended, cried:

"What I have seen to night would have moved any man in the world to forgiveness and peace. By Abraham, I will make thee a son in thy old age, such a son as thou hast dreamed of; am I welcome? See, there is the sanction of your faith," pointing to the gleaming cross.

Carlos took Gulnare and Leonidas' right hands and joined them together.

"My daughter," he said, "and my son."

They looked around; the sublime strains of the "Benedicite" which have affected so many audiences, still ringing in their ears.

The cross was gone, and the other moved rapidly away in the direction of the Muyez cottage.

Two hours later, a traveller journeying to Palma and passing by the spot, might have seen lying among the tumbled stones overgrown with moss and turf, a strange figure; a lonely, haggard man, and might have heard him say to himself:

"Thou hast done one good act, Nicolo, and even that must be credited to the Virgin. None must know of the Spanish galleon which probably bore that cross down in the sea depths with it, or of the hand that resurrected it from its grave in the sand and placed it in yonder tree to-night; and yet, Nicolo, thou hast done a good act."

And then he would listen to the wind and moan in answer as though in pain.

Is he the magician who has conjured up the tempest, or has it entered into his soul and filled him with his own sad voice?

He looks the very impersonation of the storm itself, as he lies there, his uncouth form writhing with each new burst of the hurricane, his pale face distorted and his wet hair streaming wildly about his shoulders.

But the strange man is not suffering, he wants no aid.

He is merely drinking in the elemental forces which in another evening at the Grand Opera, Palma, he will give out with a power itself almost as elemental.

* * * * * * * * *

On the night of May 27. 1840, at Nice, an immortal musician lay dying.

The windows were open wide, the curtains of the bed drawn, and the moon, shining in the peerless glory of an Italian sky, flooded the apartment.

A young Spanish woman, in the full prime of her beauty, entered and stood sorrowfully for a moment or two gazing at the attenuated skeleton upon the bed.

At that instant the night wind gently stirred the leaves outside.

This sound seemed to affect the sick man; it brought him possible memories of his old home on the Arno, but now the Arno was exchanged for the broad Mediterranean ablaze with beauties of the night.

He moved uneasily and opened his eyes.

They fell upon the weeping woman in the doorway.

"Saint Nicolo," she cried, "it is Gulnare whom you befriended so long ago."

The dying man tried to smile.

As Mozart, in his last moments pointed to the score of his Requiem, which lay before him upon the bed, and imitated with his lips the effect of the kettle drums, so it is recorded of Paganini that fair moonlit night, that as the first dimness of death came upon him, he stretched forth his hand for his old companion, the Guarnerius violin, and attempted to strike the opening chords of his "Benedicite."

When he found that it could no longer speak with its old magic, he himself sank back and expired, as if crushed at last in the discovery that a faint confused noise was left of the strains he had created and the world worshiped.

Day broke almost instantaneously in a broad streak of violet light over the Mediterranean causing its waves to shimmer in amethyst and gold.

Gulnare clasped her hands and sank upon her knees.

"Holy Mother, now I am blessed!" she said softly to herself. "I have seen the angels welcome Saint Nicolo to heaven."—Yankee Blade.

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IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement,—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrated newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.40
6 months " "	$1.35
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Freeman Wants

Honest, active, intelligent agents in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. Industrious young colored men and women can find lucrative employment by addressing THE FREEMAN. ☞ References required.

THE FREEMAN.
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

RATES OF SUBSCRPTION.

One copy, one year	$2.40
One copy, six month	$1.3

Invariably in advance.

Cash must in all cases accompany orders for subscription.

Send money by Postoffice order, Express money, Bank draft or Registered letter. Address

EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

Hereafter, all persons paying money to us through agents, will receive a receipt direct from this office in addition to receipt given them by agents whenever the money is turned in at the office. Subscribers will do us a favor by notifying us when such receipts are not promptly received.

LET the Blair educational bill become a law.

DON'T miss the next issue of The Freeman.

A NEWSPAPER is a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a fool.—Ex.

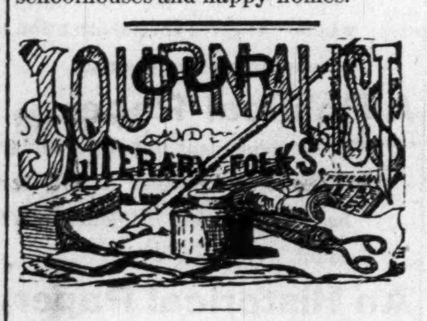
So is a knife or pistol or any other weapon.

LANGSTON, Chase of the Bee, Bruce Grit et al. are all supporting Mahone for the Governorship of Virginia, What a time they must have eating crow,

So anxious is Bro. Fortune, of the Age, retain his soubriet as the "prince of Negro journalists and so jealous is he of contemporaries which eclipse and over-shadow him that he rarily misses an opportunity to "dig" them. As a certain dramatist of the 17th century once remarked about a purse, we can only add of the Age "he who steals Fortune's thunder steals trash." The clipping referred to was properly credited to the Age and we mail a copy in proof of it.

OUR communication published a few weeks ago relative to the condition of the Negro politicians in Maryland already has the appearance of accomplishing some good results. In a quiet way there is a great reformation about to take place, which, if consummated, will give the white Republicans a Sullivanistic blow. So turbulent have the Negroes become that we notice from their papers that the election of ward officers in Baltimore (which control appointments) has been postponed until next spring. That has been done with this object in view and which we hope the Negroes will not allow to succeed. The change in the Postoffice and Custom House will have taken place by that time and several Negroes will be given laborers places, mesengerships and the like, which they hope will allay the feeling to such an extent that there will be little or no opposition to the white candidates for ward offices. As present constituted there are twenty-one white ward presidents and executives out of twenty-two in Baltimore City. The State Central committee which is composed of 120 members has not a dozen colored men upon it and the Executive Committee which has twenty-five members has not a colored member. Should the Negroes be so recreant as to allow the white Republicans to have undisputed sway in the election of these ward officers next spring, they will have themselves to blame when the time of office distribution arrives. We are releatly informed that the united support of 1,500 colored voters in Baltimore, of a colored man for an office can be successfully resisted by one white Republican, hence it can be seen that the charge we made that the Negro is a cipher in Maryland politics is substantially true. When The Freeman first urged independence in politics the Negroes of Maryland denounced our position and openly charged us with Democratic tendencies. It is now to them a political elixir that will alone save them from misrepresentation and ostracism. We were surprised to hear that they speak of running Negroes for the Council and standing by them. But will they do it? Have the Maryland Negroes courage and manhood enough to take such a stand? We doubt it, and will not believe it until the work is done. The greed for office has been the cancer that has eaten away their manhood, and jealousy among themselves has murdered their progress. We proposefrom time to timeto hold up to the world the Negroes in these northern states who bow their knees to white Republicans for petty offices and at the same time cry aloud "we are coming." They may be coming but it is only to go deeper in that political slavery from which there is no honorable retreat.

A CONTRIBUTOR to The Freeman over the soubrite "Benjamin" in his sketches on the South in the last issue, spoke of the damages of false alarms and called attention to the fact that even so great a man as Hon. Frederick Douglass had sounded a false one. In this connection we wish to speak of the prominence which northern newspapers give to every little cross-road fight. While we do not wish to be regarded as condoning the southern outrages and race wars, still many of them are "mountains made out of mole hills. The colored people get along in the South about as well as in the North, and when it comes to opportunities there are six in the South to one in the North for the Negro In regards to the race wars there are two sides to be looked at, There are as many low, meddlesome Negroes as there are hot-headed white people in the South. There is a very large class of both white and black who are too lazy to work for themselves but generally attend to other people's business. Neither law, legislation or religion can prevent this class from drinking bad whisky and killing one another. The whites get the best of it because they go armed and like McCawber are "looking for something to turn up." In the scrimmage which follow some of the best and most industrious people are involved. This happens because the southern whites like the northern whites think "all Negroes are alike" and the entire race must suffer or share the disgrace of the few bad ones. The race wars are not only vicious but a disgrace to our vaunted civilization. Instead of sending standing armies to supress them—the Blair educational bill should be passed and enacted and where here are now riots and race wars there will be schoolhouses and happy homes.



Langston will support Mahone in his contest for the Governorship of Va.

A Francis Clark, of Philadelphia, will publish a volumn of his poetry at an early date.

Mr. Daniel Rudd of the American Catholic Tribune, has returned from his trip to Europe.

Col. W. A. Pledger, the erstwhile Georgia politician, is teaching night school in Athens, Ga.

Rev. Byron Gunner is lecturing to the churches of New Orleans on the old home "Race Pride."

Prof. C. O. Jacks, of Pario, Texas, is delivering a series of lectures in that State on the race problem.

Messrs B. K Bruce and John M. Langston deny giving their sanction to the National Negro Convention just called.

Rev. M. E. Bryant, editor of the Southern Christian Recorder, is in jail at Tuscaloosa, Ala., for alleged incendiary utterances.

The trustees of Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City. Mo., have reconsidered their removal of Prof. Page, and reappointed him president.

The Rev. C. S. Smith of the Sunday School Union, with health much improved resumes his place at the head of this institution this week.

Mr, Thomas Fortune has made another flop and is now safely housed in the Republican party. "While the lamp holds out to burn," etc.—Western Appeal.

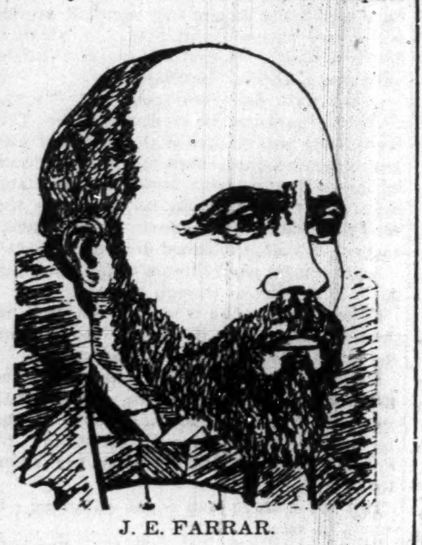
We spoke in our last issue of a new piece of Music by Prof. Dabney, of Richmond. Va. Now comes a "new Richmond in the field" in the person of Charles V. Pulpress, of Pittsburg, Pa, The title of the song is "The Pittsbury Exposition Waltz." Mr. Pulpress has secured the copyright for his production.

Hon. John L. Waller, of Topeka, Kansas, has just been appointed by the Governor of Kansas, to a very important and well paying position, that of Purchasing Agent for the Insane Asylum at Ossawatomie. The position is worth $1,200 per annum. Mr. Waller is one of the big men of Kansas and is deserving.

A COLORED CONTRACTOR.

Richmond's Favorited Son.

Joseph E. Farrar was born in 1830 of free parents in Albemarle county. He served his trade as a carpenter under George W. Spooner. After learning his trade he continued in the employment of Mr. Spooner as a journeyman, until 1858 when he came to Richmond and married. He then made Richmond his home.

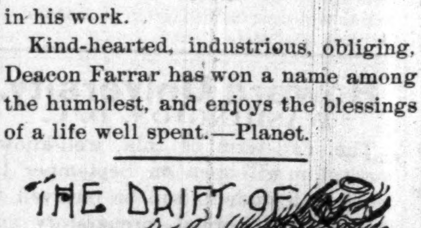

J. E. FARRAR.

He joined the Ebenezer Baptist Church by letter, and within two years there after, was readily elected clerk, deacon and trustee. So faithful was he in the discharge of his duties, that he acted as clerk for twenty years.

The Virginia Baptist State Convention has repeatedly seen fit to honor him with the position of Treasurer, again and again, ten years in all. He holds the same position in the Foreign Mission Convention of the United States and has transacfed all business entrusted to his hands satisfactorily. He is at present Director and Treasurer of the Friends' Orphan Asylum.

In 1885, he was honored by his admiring constituents by being elected to the City Council of Richmond to fill the unexpired term of a member who had left the city. He served honorably for two years with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. He was also elected member of the Board of Managers of the Lynchburg Baptist Seminary. At the last meeting he was made general agent for that institution in the soliciting of funds for its completion. The school proposes to add an industrial feature. Mr. Farrar was for a long time a contractor, but his business has been turned over to his son, has retired from active business. The high moral and religious stand he takes relative to all important questions has given him a standing among his friends and foes that commands respect. We commend him to the people of all sections in his work.

Kind-hearted, industrious, obliging, Deacon Farrar has won a name among the humblest, and enjoys the blessings of a life well spent.—Planet.



LAY IN YOUR FUEL.

Stop your excursions; it will require fully all your time ond money to meet the approaching winter, Lay in your coal.—Christian Recorder.

LEFT AGAIN.

Prohibitionists attach to their part, woman suffrage, tariff reform and coin subject—everything but the championship of equal chances for the Negro.—Recorder,

HOW LONG, O, HOW LONG.

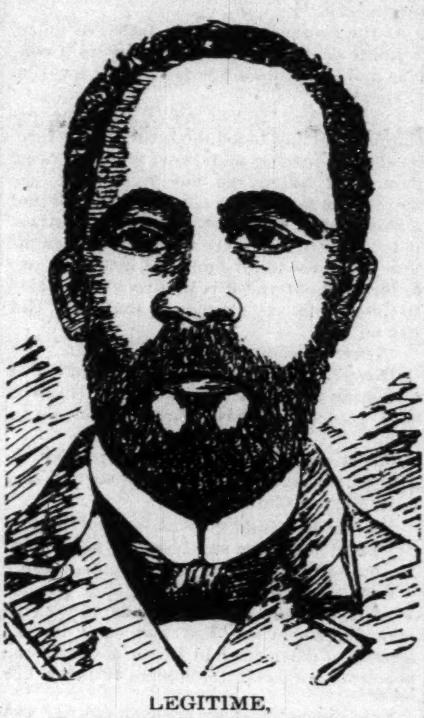
The race conflict in the Yazoo Valley of Mississippi is over. Only four colored men were killed this time. How long will such things go unpunished.—Ex.

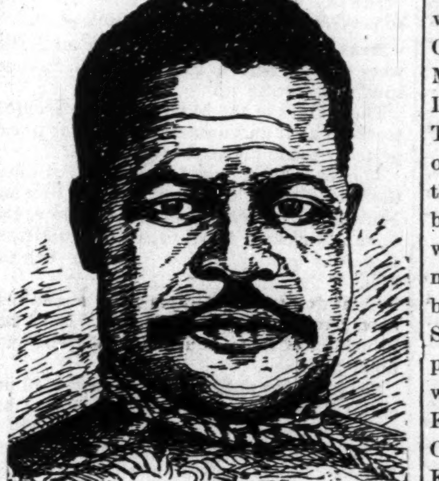
THE HAYTIAN TRIALS.

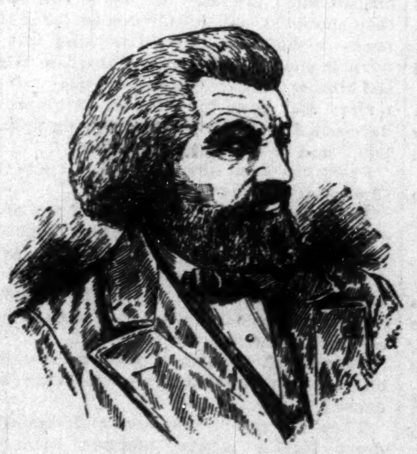
Three Colored Leaders.

Philadelphia Sentinel.

Legitime is compelled to leave his native land because he would not promise what he could not perform, that is to cede to the United State a part of Haytian territory. Hippolyte comes on top and has been receiving aid and comfort from the United States because, in his dire extremity, he promised that this government should have Mole San Nicolas, an elevated peninsula in Northwestern Hayti, about fifty miles long and forty miles wide, as a coaling station. As the lawful President of Hayti Hippolyte has as much right to cede Haytian territory as President Harrison has to abrogate any of the provisions of the constitution. But Hippolyte is not the lawful President of Hayti, he is nothing except what the United States government has made possible for him to assume in bringing about peace and order by the aid of Admiral Gherardi and his United States war vessels Hippolyte cannot deliver the goods he has promised, for it is one of the provisions of the Haytian Constitution that no part of the soil can be alienated, and as a consequence he fails to get that recognition from the powers at Washington, which were supposed to go along with his assumption as dictator, or whatever else he may be called. Frederick Douglass therefore will not go to Hayti, just yet, as United States Minister, as a punishment for Hippolyte not being able to live up to his promises. It will be remembered that Legitime presented a bold front and blockaded that ports of the insurgent Hippolyte with his little navy. United States trading vessels continually violated the blockade and were supported in it by United States war vessels. Through these means open rebellion against the legitimate government of Hayti was convertly encouraged, and the war which Legitime could have ended months ago, was prolonged and made the theme of ridicule and cited as an example of the degeneracy of Negroes for self-government by many of the newspapers of this country. What a noble exhibition of generosity this is! Trying to despoil a weak nation of its land and then calling it degenerate to justify further encroachments. For if the Haytians had no constitutional provisions against allowing foreign nations to set foot on their soil, a superficial study of the Indian question in this country would admonish them to reject all overtures from the United States for a coaling station or any other alien establishment. It is not at all likely that the Haytian people will even tolerate the thought of such a thing, and if Hippolyte values his head the sooner he gets rid of such treasonable ideas the better for him. Close commercial relations between the United States and Hayti would be a mutual benefit, decidedly to the advantage of the latter, but if the autonomy of Hayti is in any way menaced commercial relations ought to be thrown to the winds.


LEGITIME,
The deposed President of Hayti.


HYPPOLITE,
Present President of Hayti.


HON. FRED. DOUGLAS,
Minister to Hayti.

THE COLORED BAPTISTS.

Notable Gathering of Their Leading Ministers at the General Association.

The General Association of Baptists for the Western States and Territories met in the Second Baptist Church of this city last Monday. This is a very notable body of ministers, and some the most distinguished divines of the race in the United States are present, The meeting, in the absence of the moderator, was called to order by Rev. J. F. Thomas, of Chicago, After scripture reading and prayer, the committee on nominations reported the following officers for the ensuing year, all of whom were duly elected:

Moderator, J. F. Thomas, Chicago; assistant moderators, J. W. Carr, Indianapolis and J. A. Sewart, Topeka, Kansas; recording secretary, J. L. Cohron, St. Louis; corresponding secretary, R. DeBaptist, Galesburg, Ill.; treasurer, T. L. Johnsen. Chicago. The officers, in brief but happy-worded speeches, thanked the body for the honor conferred upon them. Among those present were: Revs. J. W. Crusshon, Jacksonville, Ill,; J. M. Meek, Ripley, O.; D. Jones, Kansas City, Kas.; P. W. Baker, Topeka, Kans.; W. H. Brown, Meridian, Miss.; Dr. Bolden, Joseph Smothers, Dr. Fryerson, Mississippi; J. H. Parrish, Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Harrison, Chicago; G. W. Bolding, Elizabethtown. Ky.; J. Chinchon, New Orleans; Eugene Evans, Frankfort, Ky.; R. Hoffman, Nashville, Tenn.; J. T. White, Helena; Dr. Robinson, Hot Springs, Ark.; Dr. Booth, Alabama.

The pastor of the church, Rev. J. W. Carr, delivered an eloquent address of welcome, to which a fitting response was made by Rev. T. L. Johnson, of Chicago. Rev. Joseph Smothers, of Mississippi. formerly a member of the Legislature of that State, led in prayer. The appeal was a peculiarly affecting one, as he prayed for the safety of the race in the South from the men of blood who are pursuing them. There were fervent amens and many were moved to tears. Prayers were offered by Dr, Bolden and Rev. Mr. Booth, State missionary for Alabama, and appeals for encouragement in missionary work in Africa were made by Rev. Fryersen, Prof. Jones of Richmond College, Virginia; Rev. Simmons, of Kentucky; Rev Tapp, a returned missionary from Africa; Rev. Chichon and Dr. Clanton, of Louisville; Rev. Copeland, of Memphis and Rev Bowen, of Mississippi.

The moderator appointed as a committee on enrollment Revs. Gray, Muse, Belay, Pearman and Jones, and as a committe on finance Revs. W. H. Harrison, J. T. White and J. H. Stewart. Rev. Eugene Evans was appointed to act as Reporter, to keep the newspapers informed of the doings of the convention.

The colored Baptists of this country claim to be more numerous than all other colored religious demnoinations demonstrations in this country, and to hold in their membership the most prominent representatives of the race. The convention will be in session seven or eight days, and next Sunday the different congregations of the city will doubtless have an opportunity to hear some of them preach in white churches.

PERSONAL.

J. E. Jones, D. D., Richmond, Va., Theological Seminary.

S. T. Clanton, D. D., Agent of the American Baptist Publication Society, New Orleans.

Wm. J. Simmons, D. D., District Secretary for Southern States of American Baptist Home Mission Society.

R. DeBaptiste, D. D., Galesburg, Ill., Statistician of the Colored Baptists of the United States.

J. A. Booker, A. M., of Arkansas.

C. O. Boothe, A. B., Alabama.

Harvey Johnson, D. D., Baltimore, author of The Hamite. Pastor of North Street Church, Baltimore, a church numbering 2,000 members.

M. W. Gilbert, A. B., Pastor Spruce Street Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. Dr. Nightingale. Memphis, Tenn.

W. B. Johnson, D. D., Professor of Mathematics and Church History, Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

W. H. Steward, Esq., Editor American Baptist, of Kentucky.

J. E, Farrar, Esq., Councilman, of Richmond, Va.

Rev. James Thomas, Pastor Olivet Church, Chicago.

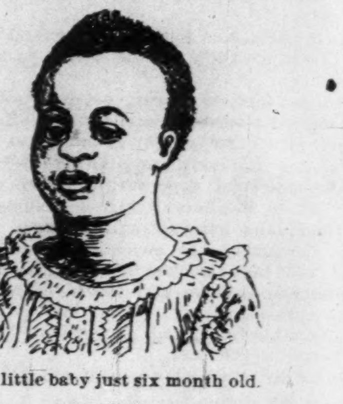
Rev. G. B. Howard, B. D.

H. N. McEwen, of Alabama.

C. H. Parish, A. M., Professor of Greek, Louisville, Ky.

In our next issue we hope to give a full report of the meeting, together with some of the portraits of the leading men in attendance.

THE BABY.



To a little baby just six month old.

Just a little baby
With a thick head of hair,
Just as thick as can be,
Though with babies rare.

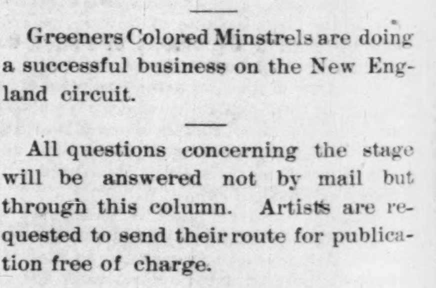
Just a little baby,
Name you have one,
Barefooted and dimpled.
Darling little one.

Just a little baby,
Teeth only two,
You can bite right good
For a little one like you.

Just a little baby,
Her fiast name is Christine
Now whose baby is it?
The last name is Gordon.

—Mrs. Geo. T. Wasson.

Knoxville, Tenn.



Blind Tom is now giving concerts in the far west.

Miss Flora Batson is now doing. the Pacific Slope,

Miss Ednorah Nahar, elecutionist of Boston, appears at Newport, R. I. this week.

Greeners Colored Minstrels are doing a successful business on the New England circuit.

All questions concerning the stage will be answered not by mail but through this column. Artists are requested to send their route for publication free of charge.

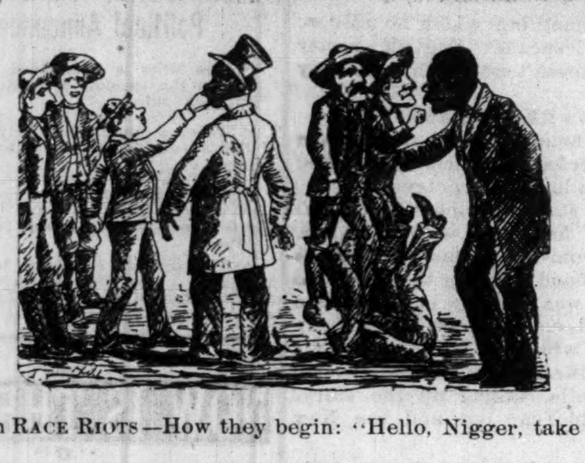
The statement that Charles Hunn is to play with the Howard Athealanum Company is untrue, but he is to tour with Gus Hill's World of Novelties at a salary of $60 per week and expenses. Charley is a funny man.

"Checkered Life" was played at the Providence Dime Museum last week by a fair company, this week the Danites open. The idea of manager Lothrop to present dramas for the small sum of ten cents has proved a capital one.

The fall season has opened up very brilliantly for the white artist but very dull for the colored yet it would not be well to predict that there will be a dull season for them, for I believe it is going to be a good winter for those who know how to hustle.

Miss Louise Smith, the colored dramatist of Washington, D. C., is at Providence preparing a company to produce her drama "Zillah the Gipsy Queen" in that city for the benefit of the Ives Post G. A. R. It was presented last week at Newport to a crowded house.

Mr. B. F. Lightfoot Manager tragedian, and elocutionist, closed a successful summer season last week at Newport, R. I., he anticipates a tour west and south this winter and fall. Those desiring his service for concerts or recital can address him at 69 Lloyd St, Providence R. I.



SOUTHERN RACE RIOTS—How they begin: “Hello, Nigger, take that.”

RACE
GLEANINGS

Carroll Jones, colored, is one of the largest cotton planters in Louisiana.

Mr. Ellery Smith, a colored man, has been appointed postmaster at Vineland, N. C.

Versailles, Ky., has a livery stable, grocery store and clothing and gents' furnishing store owned by colored men.

Albert L. Harang, a brother-in-law of Hon. B. K. Bruce, has been appointed deputy collector of the Internal Revenue office at New Orleans, La.

In Tunica county, Miss., alone the colored people own 25,000 acres of soil. These people are solving the race problem.

Mr. George Jackson, late of Pringles Minstrels, has joined Williams' circus as a clown, being the only colored man ever employed in that capacity.

Of 800 white persons who settled in the Congo Free States, Africa, two years ago, but six persons remain; 794 have either died or gone back to Europe.

Hon. A. M. Middlebrooks, of Pine Bluff, Ark., has been appointed deputy revenue collector for the Western District of Arkansas. His salary is $1,500 per annum.

Mr. William Thaw, of Pennsylvania, a wealthy philanthropist, has left in his will $10,000 for the Freedman's Bureau, and $5,000 for Berea College. Both of these bequests will go exclusively to the benefit of colored people.

Catharine A. Hoffman, a well known member of the Society of Friends, who died recently, left an estate valued at over $50,000. By her will, which was admitted to probate last week, she bequeathes $1,000 to the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons.

Eatonville, Florida, with a population of nearly 1,000, is composed entirely of colored people, not a white person in the town. Mayor, council and other officers are colored. “The Eatonville Speaker” is published by J. E. Clark, the founder of the town.

There are five barbershops, two groceries and one newspaper, the Home Journal, in Paris, Texas, owned and operated by colored men. It has also one colored lawyer, one doctor, a graduate of Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn., and a farmer who owns a $5,000 farm.

Atlantic City has the reputation with the colored visitors who congregate there every summer of being a most liberal resort, as to treatment and accommodations. The authorities have named a street in honor of the late Henry Jones, who is considered one of the pioneers in building up the city.—Ex.

The farewell greeting to Hon. Frederick Douglass, at the Metropolitan African M. E. Church, at Washington, D. C., last Sunday, coupled with the presentation of a well bound and beautiful Bible, was worthy alike of the congregation, pastor and the distinguished beneficiary. Mr. Douglass' service to the race can not be soon forgotten or fail tobe appreciated.—Ex.

The heirs of Benjamin Talbott, a colored man and once a slave, lay claim to a large part of the present site of Logansport, Ind. Their claim is said to have been established and recognized by a proposition to pay them a very large sum. This proposition is said to come from two railroad companies, and to represent only part of the interests involved.

Two colored boys and one white boy go about the city giving sidewalk entertainments. The white boy plays a mouth organ and uses the bones at the same time, while the colored lads dance in fine style. They are all about 10 or 11 years of age, and as soon as a dance is finished, pass around the hat for contributions. Their work is indeed clever, and they gather in a good round sum at the end of every performance. One of the colored boys appears to own the combination.—Philadelphia Tribune.

The Lincoln Rifles, of Memphis, Tenn., is a well drilled company. At its last election of officers the following were elected, and it bids fair to rival the famous Chickasaws of that city: C. R. Bowles, Capt.; E. R. Barringtine, 1st Lieut.; L. Gray, 2d Lieut.; S. Stewart, 1st Sergt.; D. Haydeu, 2d Sergt.; W. Atkinson, 3rd Sergt.; W. Persley, 4th Sergt.; J. Borner, 5th Sergt.; R. Griffin, 1st Corp.; S. Webb, 2d Corp.; A. Bowles, 3d Corp.; S. F. Whitelow, 4th Corp.; E. E. Briggs, Treas.

The only Negro elected to office in Kentucky lately was Dr. Dulin, who was successful in the race for Coroner in Christian county, and then discovered that he was ineligible. With a sort of mournful humor he writes this card: “I wish to extend to the Republicans of Christian county my highest appreciation and gratitude for their able and hearty support in electing me to the office of Coroner. But, after diagnosing the Constitution of the State of Kentucky I find that my prognosis is unfavorable.” Dr. Dulin is evidently not one of “them literary fellers.”

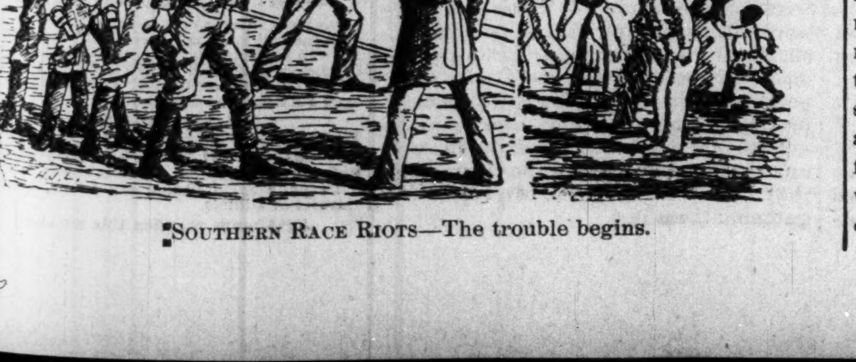
Can You Explain These Things?

Indianapolis News.

On Wednesday W. H. Short called at the office of an accident insurance company and asked that a policy of $5,000, good for the next day, be written for him. Before the agent commenced writing it, Short saw a friend, with whom he wished to speak, across the street, and went out, telling the agent not to write the policy until he returned. Unfortunately he did not return, and the next day he was killed.

Chicago Herald.

During the past week Mrs. Simon, wife of a well-known grocer of Laporte, Ind., has been entertaining a young lady friend from Indianapolis. At sharp 3 o'clock Monday the three clocks in the house stopped simultaneously. They had all been wound the previous day and were in excellent running order, Mrs. Simon, noticing the coincidence, was seized with a belief that she would hear bad news. About half an hour later a telegram from Indianapolis announced the sudden death of the visiting young lady's father at Indianapolis at precisely the same hour and minute the hands on the clocks recorded.



SOUTHERN RACE RIOTS—The trouble begins.

JUDGE TERRY'S DEATH.

The Moral of the Killing Pointed Out Dispassionately.

St. Lou's Globe Democrat.

The manner of Judge Terry's death was the logical climax of a career which violated the best rules and doctrines of human conduct. His public life was a constant invitation to such a tragedy; and he died as he must have expected and probably preferred to die. He was a man of superior ability, of aggressive spirit, of undoubted courage; but he lacked either the will or the power to discipline his rare faculties to the most creditable and profitable service. It was his advantage and at the same time his misfortune to join the throng of eager and daring argonauts that invaded and practically took possession of California in '49. He easily became a leader among those adventurers by force of personal talent and character. They admired and trusted him, and their support gained him rapid political promotion. He might have secured the highest honors that the State had to bestow if only his self-control had been equal to his relf-reliance. But he was so constituted that he could not or would not listen to the counsels of prudence. His passions mastered him at all times. He was nothing if not combative; and when he had an object to accomplish he uniformly chose the policy that offered the best chances of hard fighting. Such a man was bound to have strong enemies. He lived in an atmosphere of perpetual strife and danger, careless alike of advice and of threats; and the wonder is that he did not lose his life long ago.

There is reason to believe that Judge Terry never fully realized the change from the old to the new in California civilization. At any rate, he never conformed to it, but remained to the last a '49-er in his habits of thought and his methods of action. He was by nature a desperado, and not all the progress of society on the Pacific Coast served to subdue his stormy qualities and reconcile him to the influences of peace, order and sobriety. It may be that the recollection of Broderick, whose blood was on his hands like a curse, had the effect of hardening his heart against all suggestions of concession to the philosophy of a later day, which differed so widely and so reprovingly from that of '49. He was not a sensitive man; but he must have been a man of absolute stone not to have felt more or less the penalty of popular disfavor which rested upon him because of that great crime. His association with the woman whose wickedness really led to his death was a characteristic exhibition of courage where courage only implied folly and disaster. She was in a sense an outcast as he was, and it suited him to make common cause with her in a crusade upon the properties of that society which was a standing rebuke to him and his career. He saw in her an order of audacity and determination that charmed him by reason of its likeness to the ruling energy of his own coercive and tempestuous life. She reproduced the past for him, He championed her cause with all his old defiance of consequences; and it is at least to be said for him that as he had lived like a '49-er, so did he die at last like one—suddenly, desperately, and yet with not a shadow of cowardice. There is no room for regret in his case. He belonged to a time which California has outlived, and there was no place for him in her existing form of civilization. It was hardly to be doubted that he was meditating murder when the fatal bullet struck him; and the fact that he instead of the venerable jurist whose life he sought proved to be the victim will be regarded with a general feeling of relief and satisfac tion.

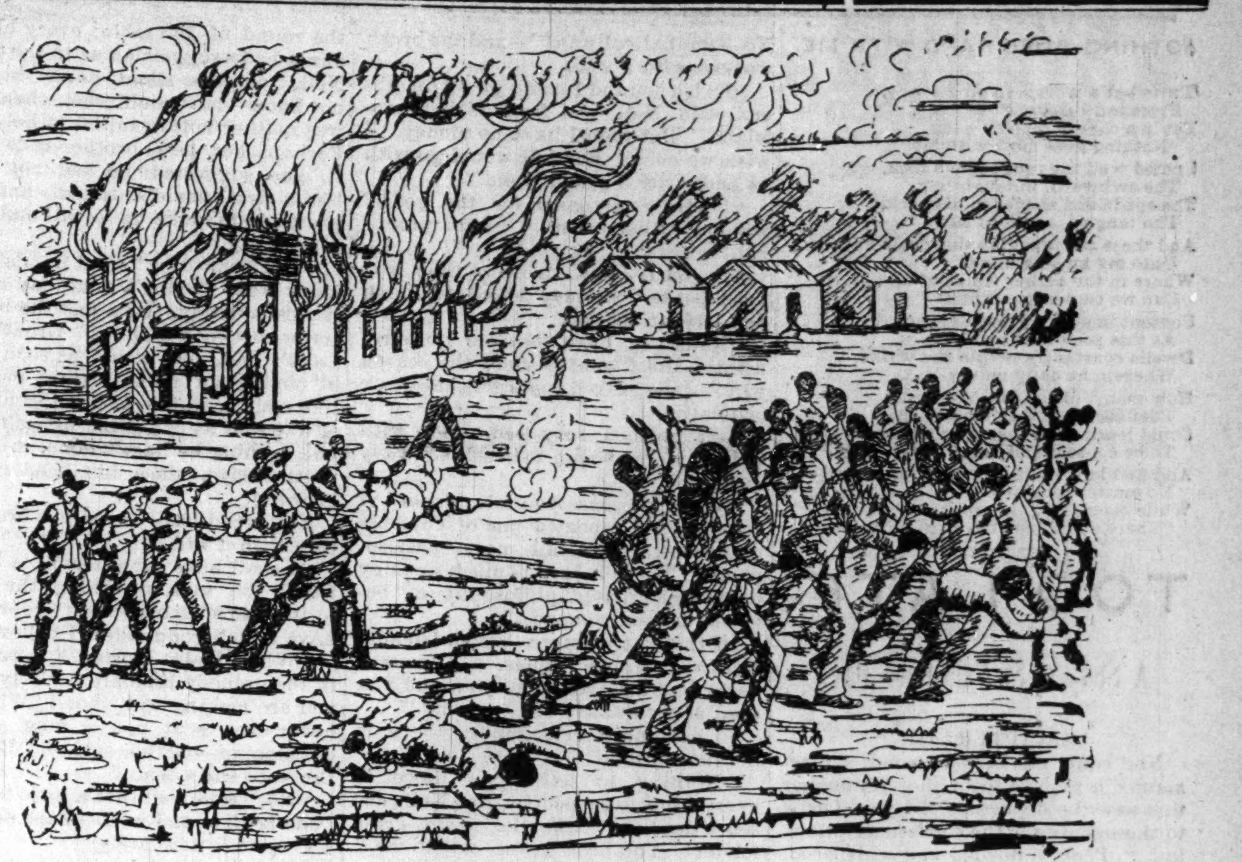
A VERY HANDSOME DUEL.

Fought After Dark and Nobody Damaged.

Albany Times.

That duel of two Atlanta railroad men on Saturday evening was truly a noble affair of the kind. It is to be hoped that a full and particular report of it will be read all through France, so as to encourage editors and public men there to a better understanding of the true code. One of these combatants fired five shots in rapid succession at his opponent only twelve paces away, and did not touch him. The other fired one shot which cut a twig near his opponent's head. Then reserving his four remaining shots, he made a simple explanation of the remarks out of which grew the difficulty, the other combatant withdrew the statements which he had made under a misapprehension, and the remaining four shots were fired in the air. All was forgiven, both received the highest praise for their courage, and all concerned (including the families of both and the people of the city which owes a great deal to the enterprise and public spirit of both) were rendered supremely happy. That was a superb duel, one of a kind to commend the institution to all right-minded men, if it should be arranged in all similar affairs that the bullets be drawn from each weapon beforehand in order to avoid any possible casualties.

This duel, indeed, exceeds in interest the famous duel in which De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout figured, back of Weehawken in 1802, when it was every gentleman's duty to stand up and be shot by anyone who chose to demand an opportunity. The quarrel between the two was political and, consequently, in those days was very bitter. It was not a case of our highest civilization, where the two antagonists denounce each other as liars and poltroons, and open a battle together in harmony at the next saloon. Clinton and Swartwout met determined to hurt. Clinton hit Swartwout five times, and each time Swartwout demanded another shot. Once he was hit in the arm, then in the leg, then in the finger and finally somewhere else, but, even struggling on the ground in great pain, he insisted that he should have another chance, though his antagonist was as yet uninjured. In view of such ridiculous persistency Mr. Clinton finally cast his pistol on the ground and walked off, with the remark that he had no patience with a man who did not know when either his wounded honor or his body was satisfied.



SOUTHERN RACE RIOTS—Reaching a climax. Colored Citizens compelled to flee for their lives.

It will be Sullivan and Swift and victory.

Denny has wisely concluded not to make the race for mayor. Wise man.

The Negro will be a very uncertain quantity in the coming local election.

The World of this city has made many friends by its consistent fight for the race.

The Democrats will nominate their city officers next Tuesday evening. The Republicans will nominate to-night.

The independent colored vote is abroad in the land, and will use the “vest pocket” vote like other American citizens.

Henry Sweetland the colored candidate for the council for the 3rd ward is making an aggressive fight, and will undoubtedly be elected.

Mr. Chas. Bridges the efficient chairman of the Democratic county central committee, has opened up the campaign actively, and is rapidly bringing things into good shape.

“White Republican” who carded the News a few weeks ago in regards to the Negro's ingratitude was picked to pieces by W. Allison Sweeney, who while a staunch Republican sounds the tocsin when there is work for the “fool killer.”

Annual Jub'lee.

Tde harvest is over, the summer almost ended, bringing abundant crops, thus rewarding skill and industry.

The Fair season is here, and the agricultural community will gratefully acknowledge the blessings of a kind Providence in bestowing good health and a fruitful season by attending the annual festivles and showing the improvements resulting from intelligent culture.

Successful county fairs insure a good State exhibition, and indications point to an excellent fair season, Being an “off year” from political disturbance, prompts the management to extra exertions in making the forthcoming Indiana State Fair, September 23d to 28th, excel in every respect. The Board of Agriculture can make a better showing financially than any other institution of the kind in this country, thus proving the solid basis on which the business management operates.

The Agricultural Fair is an American institution, and came to stay, not only as a mart of trade, but the social features predominate in a way no other character of gathering can equal, and is now recognized as the “Harvest Jublilee” in more sense than one.

Indiana is the center of the breeding grounds of improved live stock, and the State Fair the nucleus where will concentrated the competitors in the “battle of breeds.”

Superior accommodations for exhibitors and visitors. An increased list of premiums, including Lady Equcstrianism.

More favorable railroad rates are applied for, to give those at a distance the opportunity of visiting the best Agricultural Fair on the continent, and the Capital City with its many attractions.

Cancer.

It has been held by not a few that meat eaters are more liable to cancer than vegetarians. In fact, the latter think that by living on a purely vegetable diet they are safe from that dread malady. It has been found from the records of the Mayo hospital at Jeypore, India, that in 102 cases of cancer which were operated upon forty-one were on the persons of flesh eaters, while sixty-one were on those of strict vegetarians, who had never eaten meat since their birth.

A Serious Case

Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Briske—“Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?”

Littie Johnny (stopping his play) —“Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left his prescription and said he'd call again before night.”

Mrs. Briske—“Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.”

Kansas Productiveness.

The latest story of Kansas productiveness comes from Ford county, where a Mr. Sternberg planted twenty acres to melons and sold the seeds to an eastern seedhouse for $400. From the melons he manufactured 1,000 barrels of vinegar, which he values at $10 per barrel. This melon vinegar he claims to be fully equal to it if not better than the cider vinegar. Just think of it! $10,400 for the product of twenty acres of land.

FOUND A WONDERFUL CAVE.

The Remarkable Discovery of Miners in the Aspen Mountain.

A most remarkable story reached here yesterday from Aspen, Col., regarding an unexpected find in one of the principal mines on the Aspen mountain. Last Thursday night, as the story goes, the night shift in the Minnie mine—Messrs. Donnelly, Mackey, Taylor and Gilfillan—put in two 30-inch holes in the breast of the 500 foot level and fired the blast just before leaving for the surface. On returning to the mine it was found that the two shots had broken into a cave, the extent of which they proceeded to explore. Going in a few feet they found the walls covered with crystallized lime and lead that glittered like diamonds. Here and there little stalactites hung along from the ceiling. The lime formation resembled lace and frieze work of wondrous beauty. The cave has a descent of about twenty degrees and contains rooms and chambers grand beyond description.

They had entered about two hundred feet when they found a flint ax. A little further was a pool of fresh water and a strong current of fresh air was felt. Further on a chamber was discovered covered with a brownish muck that was sticky. Gifillan, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and said: “There sits a boy.” Sure enough there sat a human form. The head was resting on the knees and the arms were drawn around the legs, Indian fashion. A stone bow and ax were found beside the figure. The body was well preserved but in trying to lift it one arm fell off. Other bodies in different attitudes were found in the chamber but when disturbed they crumbled. One stone man was brought out with the loss of arms and feet. The discovery has caused great excitement in Aspen, as the bodies do not seem to be those of Indians.

Tennyson's Wise Words.

Dr. J. M. Buckley in Christian Advocate.

At the risk of provoking a smile at our simplicity we will relate that long years ago, when we thought that great men, if they speak at all, always speak words of wisdom, we followed Tennyson, who was accompanied by a lady and two children, about the South Kensington Museum for two hours and a half, hoping that he would speak. At last he made signs as if he were about to do so. Hoping to hear some criticism of a painting we listened intently, and these memorable words fell from the lips of England's Poet Laurate: “You take care of the children while I go and get some beer.”

The Freeman at St. Louis.

The Freeman can be found at the following places in St. Louis:

A. J. Victor's Barber Shop, 713 North 11th street.

John W. Page, 705 North 11th st.

C. A. Pitman, 2628 Morgan st.

A. Breedlove, 616 North 11th st.

Mrs. Thomas's Restaurant, 2304 Morgan st.

Glenn B. Melton's Restaurant, 707 North 11th st.

Aaron W. Lloyd, 2213 Morgan st., General Agent.

The Freeman will be issued at the above stated places to sub-agents and newsboys at office prices.

A Prosperous Actor.

W. T. Davis at the Grand Opera House, Richmond, Va., Aug. 29, 30 and 31 in Othello, Julius Cæsar and Richard III. turned away people.

A Summer Paradox.

Beside the Sea, where men are few.
Things are reversed, beyond dispute;
For as each father meets his view,
The lover smiles upon her suit.

NOTHING GOES HARD WITH ME.

'Twas but a workman on his way
From toilsome work to tea,
Yet in a cheery tone he sang:
"Nothing goes hard with me."
I noted well the rough-hewn look,
The awkward, untaught air;
The spade and shovel on his back,
The tangled, unshorn hair.
And these the thoughts that came uncalled,
Unto my musing mind:
Where in the higher walks of life,
Can we contentment find!
Content in such a great degree,
As this poor workman proves,
Dwells constantly within the walks
Wherein he daily moves.
How many, of the toilsome task
That each new day must bring,
Could learn from that poor laborer
To be content and sing!
And find how light the work would fall—
No matter what it be—
While cherishing the workman's words—
"There's nothing goes hard with me."

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER III.

Nell could not be persuaded; she remained a recluse from the September that saw the departure of Lyon Leslie to the opening of the Christmas following. People nodded and whispered. Some said she was engaged to the handsome soldier, others that she was pining in secret; but Nell made no sign. She was cheerful as ever in manner, if not so buoyant as of fore, and performed her usual routine of parish duty; but, besides persistently refusing to mix in the towns entertainments, she sought less and less the society of the companions with whom she had been intimate. She took her rides alone, and her walks too, at least, so far as human fellowship went, but with a goodly company of dogs, her twin brother's special property and trust to her. Wanderings of hours they took together, but wanderings that brought no roses to the girl's pale cheek, nor added vigor to her limbs. Her eyes seemed to grow larger, and their inner light more earnest. At times too, she was fretful, and day by day grew more silent and abstracted.

Mrs. Thanet was disturbed; she did not think it wise to force her daughter's confidence; still, she felt that the present condition of things could not be permitted to continue without a word, and a very difficult word to speak she felt that word would be. Intuitively she knew that, whatever had passed between her daughter and Lyon Leslie, no definite engagement had been entered into. She mistrusted the man. But, like the prudent woman she was, she bided her time, and that arrived suddenly.

A note from Mrs. Kennett to her sister-in-law informed her of their arrival at the Hall for Christmas. The next day Mrs. Kennett, accompanied by Janet, drove into Thorpe and stayed to luncheon with her relatives.

Janet, keen as a hawk, espied a change in her cousin.

"You are mooning after Randall," she said. "You are to come to the Hall for Christmas, and Randall too. Uncle Nettle"—her respectful diminutive for Squire Nettlethorpe—"says so, mamma says so, and I say so; so it is *un fait accompli.*"

At the Hall Nell always shared the same room with her cousin. This had hitherto been a great enjoyment to both girls. Now Nell would have wished it otherwise, but she fell into the usual arrangement without a hint of her desire.

It was the most confidential hour in the twenty-four, the hour before lying down to rest, Then the girls, arrayed in their dainty dressing-gowns, sat over the cheery fire and exchanged confidences. The confidence of these cousins differed essentially from those usually indulged in by the average young lady of the period. Men played a subordinate part, and persons generally. They used to build castles in the air, to sketch out "great things to do," to criticize their current reading, discuss authors and artists, and bewail the proscribed lot of their own sex.

Nell's hair was long and wavy, dark brown, with a golden sheen. Janet's was black as raven's wing, straight and glossy. They sat, brush in hand, idly drawing it over their silky tresses, anon letting it fall into their laps and throwing the rebellious locks back from their faces, looking into the gleaming ash.

Nell spoke first.

"You must have lots to tell me, Janet; you have been everywhere."

"Which amounts practically to nowhere. I have no distinct recollections of any place in particular, Dresden and Dussendorf suggest—well, colored canvas. From gallery to gallery we were trotted, catalogues in hand, and impovers behind. It didn't elevate my scriptural conceptions. I assure you; things got mixed, and for the life of me I couldn't recollect Biblical facts apart with heathen myths."

"But Paris? Oh, how I long to see Paris!"

"Well, Paris is charming, but, my dear, disillusionising. When I shut my eyes and think, I seem to see nothing but architecture, and to hear the Marseillaise."

"The Rhine, Janet, and Switzerland, and Italy! Are you weary of those, too?"

"Yes, and no. There are bits of the Clyde the Rhine can never touch; there are passages and torrents and glens in the Highland all the grand Alps cannot show; and Italy sent me to sleep."

"You are such a home bird, Janet; you are insular."

"Well, you see, Nell—Janet took up her brush and began to draw it over her hair—"you see it was all in the way of education. It was to expand our minds, mamma said, and all that sort of thing. Now, if you were given some favorite lollypop and told it contained a tonic, would you enjoy it? No—emphatically no!"—and the brush worked with a will.

"I wish you and I could go off together," said Nell, "on from island unto island. But then I have no money. I wish we could; Randall would go with us and write a grand poem."

"Poetry's only good for the gods," announced her cousin. "I am practical."

"So am I, Janet, more so than you perhaps; but one may stand on earth and look at heaven."

"Nell, you have become quite romantic, and I want to know the reason why," Janet asked regarding the other critically.

Nell blushed rosy red, and, with sudden vigor, began to brush her wavy locks.

"What nonsense you talk, Janet! I suppose, if I repeated one of Tupper's platitudes, you'd call me a philosopher. There is just as much analogy between supposed philosophy as between me and romance."

"I thought we were bosom-friends, Nell, real bosom friends. I know I never had a secret from you, and you used never to have one from me."

"I have no secret, Janet; there is nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell when there is everything to suspect? Ah, Nell, absence does not make the heart grow fonder! You have grown cold to me."

Nell turned her great mournful eyes to her cousin in some such way as a half-frightened deer. She wondered how much Janet knew.

"You would have been the very first I would have told," continued Janet, still in a tone of reproach. "When Mr. Anclive did me the honor to say he was 'willin', before I even gave him his *conge*—the idiot!—I told you."

"But no one has laid such valuables at my feet, Janet. You have been listening to idle gossip."

"Hasn't he? Then he is a mean, good-for-nothing, mercenary, cruel—"

Nell put her hand on her cousin's mouth.

"How can you, Janet! What have you heard? And do you for a moment suppose I could ever even waste a thought on anyone deserving such insinuations? I could not love unworthily."

Nell spoke very calmly, but coldly. Janet's heart was on fire. She feared for her cousin, and she was hurt at her reticence.

"I know your estimate, your high-flown idea of love," she cried, pushing Nell's hand aside not a little roughly. "You would believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things." Her voice took a tone of scorn.

"You go too far, Janet," returned Nell haughtily. "I would never give my love unsought; once given, it would be forever, and I would endure nothing derogatory to my self-respect. Even in friendship endurance has its limits."

"Nell, I will not be frozen out of your heart." The unwilling tears stood in Janet's eyes; she felt, if this appeal failed, Nell would never give her her confidence, and her heart was full of dread for her cousin. "You are far, far cleverer than I am, Nell, far, far more beautiful; I am only pretty, and your judgment is clearer; but, oh, Nell, darling, all this is but in part, all this vanishes away at the little word, 'love'! Love blinds such as you, Nell, for such as you love transcendentally. They make for themselves an ideal, a fetish, and thus worship with blind idolatry. Such as I, Nell, love through the heart and common-sense, and with eyes wide open, and we are safe. You make shipwreck of all."

With a sudden resolve, Nell threw her shrouding hair back, caught it deftly in her hands, and wound it in a great sheaf, letting it fall so, semi-confined, on her shoulders. Then, cold and pale, she rose to her feet and said softly, yet sternly—

"You are right, Janet; I owe our friendship confidence; you must never recur to the subject until I give you leave. I'll tell you all I have to tell you now, and, believe me, I am stronger than you give me credit for. Lyon Leslie loved me and I loved him—that is all. He will come back some day and take me away."

"Nell, did he say he would?"

"No; why should he? Love has not many words, love does not need many words. I know he will."

"One more question, Nell, and I've done. Did he ask you to be his wife? That does not take many words."

"No; why should he? He said he loved me, and he knew I loved him. What else can such love end in but union here and hereafter?"

There was a faint down of color on the girl's pale cheek, and her eyes literally glowed with light.

For the moment Janet was awed. Such faith, such love, were beyond her ken. She recovered herself with a groan. Clutching her brush aggressively, she said mentally—

"If he plays her false, I'll—" What she would do she did not express further; she let the brush drop from her hand, and flung herself into her cousin's arms with a burst of tears.

"My darling, my darling," she cried, "may he prove worthy of the heart he has won! I will hope with you."

She asked nothing further, and in this she was wise. Unconsciously to herself Nell felt relieved by what had passed; her burden seemed lighter and hope fairer.

There was quite a heap of Christmas cards on Nell's plate when she came down to breakfast on Christmas morning—some gifts more substantial, too, One more than the others attracted comment. It was a massive gold locket, of barbaric design, covered with raised hieroglyphics, and attached to a slight chain of linked rings. There was nothing inside the locket, nor did word or imitation accompany it. It was an anonymous gift. The address on the wrapping was in the handwriting evidently of the tradesman from whom it had probably been bought. It went the round of the table; every one but Janet had a suggestion as to the donor. Nell, too, was silent here. She did not know—how could she, when there was neither note or initial to help her? Perhaps her new brother-in-law sent it, she suggested; he had not given her a bridesmaid's token, and had promised to make up for his omissions some day.

"Yes, some day," cried Randall. "I know what Barton's some day means; it means to-day. He's just the biggest screw between John o' Groat's and Land's End, and would as soon think of buying an uninteresting creature like a sister-in-law a magnificent locket like that as of getting himself a new hat; a thing he hasn't done, his own brother says, since his head stopped growing.

Nell could have boxed her brother's ears with a will.

"I shall have a letter in a day or two," she said, returning the locket to its case with trembling fingers. "I have a rich godmother, I believe."

"What, Lady Morton?" again put in the unlucky Randall. "Why, Nell, you are making bad shots! Why, she never even sent you a mug at your christening—mother said so! Besides, I'm sure she's dead."

"No," said Nell, not a little put out, "she is alive and well. Papa sent her a Persian kitten lately."

Then Janet came to the rescue.

"I've got something mysterious, too," she cried; and she showed up an onyx brooch, with a beautifully executed jay in diamonds, set in the center.

"Not much mystery in that!" exclaimed one of her sisters. "It's the Baron, I'm sure. Do get a pebble, Jan, and have a gander done in brilliants, and send it to him."

"I like the Baron, Cis," was Janet's reply, "and I do foind de brooch ver' lovely." All laughed at the mimicry.

Loyal Janet made no allusion to Nell's gift. It disappeared from sight and was soon forgotten in the divergencies of Christmas-tide—forgotten by all but the recipient and Janet.

A close scrutiny, when by herself, revealed to Nell a secret spring within the apparently void case. She touched it and a thin layer of gold flew back, disclosed a tiny ring of dark hair, fastened with a gold thread.

With passionate kisses the girl replaced it in its hiding-place, then laid the locket to her heart and looked upwards, her eyes radiant with joy and her bosom heaving. Before putting it away, till she could devise a plan of wearing it unseen, she examined the delicate chain, holding it up to the light, and within each ring she discovered, in fine but clear tracery the words "Dinna forget." No happier eyes closed in rest that Christmas night in Nettlethorpe's overflowing Hall than beautiful Nell Thanet's.

The last day of December was the twins' birthday. On that day they were nineteen years old. They had wished to return home to spend it with their parents, but the cousins would not hear of it. In the morning they rode into Thorpe, a merry party of four, received felicitations and loving offerings from their family, and returned, little loath, to the luxurious Hall.

There had been an arrival in the interim, a most unexpected and awkward arrival—the Baron von Melkenburg. He had followed quickly in the wake of his messenger bird, the brilliant jay.

In Mrs. Nettlethorpe's boudior there was not a little commotion. Mrs. Kennett denied having given any special invitation to the gentleman. He had seemed to be an admirer of horses, and she had once said, in quite a casual way, that, if he ever came to England, she would like him to see her brother's stud, never dreaming that he would take her at her word in this off-handed fashion.

"If he were not a foreigner," said the lady of the house, slightly molified, "I should give him his *conge* at once; but foreigners have different codes of etiquette to ours, and, according to his, he may be quite *en regle.* Jasper"—alluding to her husband—"will be in shortly, and I shall hand over the intruder to him."

At this juncture, Janet, followed by Nell and Randall, joined the conclave in the boudoir. She was even more surprised than her mother and sisters at the occurrence, and much more irate, for it had been she whom the Baron had honored with his addresses, and she was conscious that she had shown him in a plain enough manner that they were distasteful; she had been amused, and perhaps just a little flattered. It was a most awkward situation.

"Where is he?" she asked much distressed.

"In the drawing-room," said her young sister Polly, not a little mischievously. "He has been there all by himself, for the last half-hour. He came in a carriage and pair, like a grand seigneur, from Thorpe. And Calton—their maid—"says he has brought a lot of luggage,

The good-natured squire, when he heard of the Baron's advent, desired that his unbidden guest should be entertained, promising that in the meantime he would endeavor to ascertain more of his *status* in society than the Kennetts appeared to know.

The Baron appeared quite at his ease. The Squire had joined him in the drawing-room, and had given him a courteous welcome, if not a hearty one. But he, at first sight, disliked the man. There was an effrontery in his ease, an affectation of equality that sat awkwardly, and a certain sharpness of glance that repelled the simple downright Englishman.

"A man to guard against," he thought; but nothing more.

At dinner the Baron appeared in an elaborate toilet, with much jewelry and profuse perfume. Nell said very little; but she made him her close study the whole evening. She was in better spirits than she had been since Lyon Leslie's departure. Her wit was bright to-night.

In the drawing-room later, Andrew attached himself to Nell; he had lately shown symptoms of succumbing to his beautiful cousin's attractions.

A hint of this he ventured in her ear, resting by her side in the noble conservatory which, this night a blaze of light, opened out of the drawing room. The girl was in no mood for whispers of that sort. She felt as one feels when a strange foot approaches a spot sacred to some cherished memory; but she liked her cousin, so warned him off gently, but firmly.

"Now, be sensible, Andrew," she said; "if you want to keep your hand in, there is Lady Bab"—indicating with her fan the Lady Barbara Merville, a neice of the Squire, a large blonde, handsome, and an heiress—"she is always ready, you know."

"Nell," he said, fairly turning his back on the lady in question—"Nell, we have always been good friends."

"Always, cousin mine; let us remain so,"

"I have the lock of hair you gave me two years ago. I was looking at it this evening before dinner. Your hair has changed Nell; it hasn't the true golden tint it had—is it a symbol of your heart?"

"I have yours too," she said, lightly and evasively. "It was done up in a sweeping sheaf with Lucy's, Polly's and Janet's, and set in a gold-rimmed brooch. Tibbs"—the Thorpe jeweller—"did it, and I kept it for home adornment."

He bit his lip.

"Do you know," he said, "I think you country girls are much more accomplished flirts than town belles? You make a fellow feel awfully small. I've thought so much of you. Nell. Do you remember the kiss you gave me one Christmas under the mistletoe? I do." And he looked into her averted face appealingly, imploringly.

"And so do I, coz"—meeting his love-lorn eyes frankly. "And, if you're good you shall have another this Christmas, under the mistletoe;" and she held up her face playfully.

"I would rather have it under the rose," he said, pulling forward a branch of a Marshal Niel in bloom, and arching it between them.

She laughed, ignoring his more serious intent.

"You are such a boy, Andrew!" she said. "Do be sensible, that's a good fellow. I wanted to ask you about that baron, and here you are rehearsing a flirtation with me."

Andrew's jealousy was fired.

"Oh, I'll tell you all you want to know!" he cried. "He's rich—that's the main point; he says he's been in the Prussian Guards, and he sings like a nightingale—not one of which recommendations I possess."

"You dear old goosey-gander," said Nell, with frank affection, "do be sensible—this is the third time of asking. I like your little finger better than his whole baronial *corpus*"—she made a gesture of dislike. "It is so hard, when I want a friend, to find a-a spoon;" and her laugh rang out merrily.

Poor Andrew was in earnest; he showed signs of sulks.

"It's all that recruiting fellow," he muttered. "I know him; he has fooled no end of girls."

Nell was equally determined not to quarrel with her cousin; but she bit her lip,

"There's the piano," she said; "they're going to dance. Come, I'll give you the first." He seized her hand. "Wait a moment," she cried, "I want to say something first—that man who calls himself a baron is no more a baron than I am a baroness, or, what's more, he's not even a gentleman—never was — in any country, civilized or uncivilized."

"Well, there are not many gentlemen in Africa;" and, a little mollified by the depreciation of a possible rival, he laughed.

"I beg your pardon, Andrew; some savages would put many of our fine gentlemen in the shade."

"Naturally so, being dusky," he replied, teasingly.

"He's not even a foreigner," she continued, taking not the slightest notice of his facetiousness. "His broken English is put on. Don't you notice, when he's off his guard, how shaky his 'h's' are?"

"Very likely; fellows of that sort never turn up trumps; but he's a first class lady's man, and he's rich—What does it matter? Come, the Waltz will be over."

"But it does matter, Andrew. If he is not what he represents himself to be, he is an imposter, and I advise you to give the Squire a hint to look after his silver spoons."

"Nell! Are you off your head?"

"No, sir, my head is as sound as my heart, and likely to remain so; only I have eyes, and know how to use them"—Andrew ventured a suggestive nod—"and ears, which are often to more purpose, and not open to idle gossip"—Andrew winced. "Besides, I have one gift—I have a second sight. Janet owns I am a witch."

"So do I; but you won't listen. Don't I tell you you are bewitching?"

"Andrew, you're a foolish boy—there, it's out! That's my plain unvarnished opinion of you—just a foolish boy. Come, we're in time for a couple of rounds; but, mind, I've warned you."

It was strictly a family party, the only foreign element being the intruding Baron. But, by the time the second dance was over, he had ingratiated himself with the entire company—all excepting Nell. His air had assumed the familiarity of an established and approved intimate, and even Mrs! Nettlethorpe acknowledged that he was an acquisition.

"I wonder whether aunt Kennett really gave him an invitation to the Hall?" Nell asked of Janet.

"It is mere mistake. Mamma often says civil things, and I knew she liked him," replied her cousin. "She probably said something which he misconstrued—he speaks English pretty fairly, but doesn't catch what you say so well."

"You don't like him, Janet?"

"Good gracious, no! A young man would be preferable;" and she walked away with a laugh of contempt.

Nell was standing under a crystal chandelier, festooned with mistletoe. Suddenly from the distance came the sound of a band playing the National Anthem; it was a village band; it came nearer, and clanged out the melody under the windows, and, as the air rose, the church-clock struck twelve, and the bells, taking up the story, rang the Old Year out and the New Year in.

It was the signal for a general commotion. Forgeting the presence of the stranger, each member of the family flitted from one to the other, giving and receiving the kiss of welcome.

Fired by the example, the Baron came behind Nell, and, before she could defend herself, stole a kiss from her lips. Quick as lightning, she raised her fan, and dealt him a sharp blow on his cheek.

"That was hardly fair!" cried the Squire, coming for his kiss. "It was under the mistletoe, Nell;" and he kissed the girl, now rosy red with anger, on either cheek.

"Strangers have no right to family privileges," she cried, her eyes flashing lightning.

With his mouth set in hard a line, his face livid, save for the red mark across his cheek, left by the avenging fan, the Baron came up to the irate girl, fronting her, and said, bowing low—

"Some day I will give you your privilege back. I have a very good memory."

"A very convenient one, you mean," she answered, turning contemptuously away, "for you seem suddenly to have remembered your native tongue."

"Are you dangerous, Nell?" asked Andrew, as she paused a moment in a doorway arched over with the suggestive plant. "Everybody has had one but me."

She smiled as she lifted her face to his, and let him kiss her on the lips; but she neither flushed nor looked shy. He might have been her brother, and he knew it.

"I'll bide my time," he said to himself. "She is proud and he'll forget."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Memory of Brave Men.

Three miles east of Gettysburg, in clear view from East Cemetry Hill, stands the monument commemorative of the services of the Michigan cavalry brigade, commanded by that brilliant and gallant soldier, Gen. George A. Custer, of Indian massacre fame. The monument is a striking feature in the section of land where it stands, and its beauty and colossal magnificence is admired by everyone. It is a worthy tribute to the valor and bravery of the soldiers who gave up their lives that the union of states might be perpetuated. The monument is built of Vermont granite and is a masterpiece of workmanship, and is as costly as it is handsome. It is forty-six feet high and twevle feet square at the base. The massive die which supports the body of the monument rests on four bases and has Corinthian columns at the four corners. Above this is a cluster of four columns with a finely carved horse head and cavalry devices in the capital of each. The crowning piece is a statue, eight feet high, of a dismounted cavalryman at rest. On the front of the lower die is a large bronze plate showing the scene of the brigade engagement, and above it is a bronze medallion of Gen. Custer. The regulation cavalry badge as well as the one adopted by this brigade are carved on the sides.

The brigate was the second of Gen. Kilpatrick's division and was composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Michigan cavalry regiments. Two hundred and fifty-seven men were lost in the engagement at the spot where the monument now stands.

The monument has just been completed and with the other eight will be dedicated the coming summer.

The Spoon in History.

It seems that our common table utensil, the spoon, antedated the knife in the household of prehistoric man. As the ancient Romans used round spoons, the counterpart of those which are fashionable for the salt-cellar, it would have been natural enough if the spoons of prehistoric man had been of the same shape. But some which have been found recently in the Lacustrine dwellings in northern Italy, were precisely the shape used by ourselves, and of baked clay. Two sizes were found, one that of an ordinary table-spoon, the other that of a pot-ladle. The question arises for what purposes were these spoons made, and it is highly probable that it was for consumption of hasty pudding or farmety, which was a species of cracked wheat. The Lacustrian folk were agriculturists, and possessed domestic animals, but their food was principally cereals, and their condition must have greatly resembled that of a Slavonic communistic village of the present time. They had milk and they had meal, and they had the wild honey of the woods, so that they did not fare very badly. One of their tables has been found. It was the round section of a tree, a foot thick, and there were hollows in it burned out with fire, which were plainly the receptacles for the food, whatever it was. The spoons of the Anglo-Saxons were made of wood, for the word means not only a culinary utensil, but it also meant a sliver of wood made for writing purposes. In the poem of Tristan and Yseult, it is expressly stated that the lover wrote verses on light linden spoon, in runes, and that he cast them in the river, and they floated down to the loveress who gathered them in.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of tde Republican nominating convention.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Fred Gaul is a candidate for re-election to the council from the 23rd ward. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

Wm. Wilson is a candidate for re-election to the Council from the Fourth Ward, subject to the decision of the Republican nominiating convention.

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THINK THEY WILL LIVE FOREVER.

Peculiar Faith and Diet of Alfred DeWitt and Daughter.

Rosedale, Ind., special to Indianapolis Journal.

Alfred DeWitt and daughter Mary Ann, of Rosedale, are very peculiar people. She is sixteen years of age, and keeps house for her father. Mr. DeWitt, when he related his history, was eating a meal consisting of turnips, bread and cold water. He believes he and his daughter will never die; that they will live forever; that they are regenerated and born of God. They do not eat anything that extinguishes life. They claim that which is of God endureth forever. They claim to be joint heirs with Jesus Christ. In regard to his peculiar religious ideas, DeWitt says: "I am fifty-eight years of age. I was born in Vigo county, Indiana. When a young man I was bad. I lived in this wicked manner until 1877. I concluded to change my wicked course. A new life came over me. 'Come unto Me all ye who are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' Before this time I had been an invalid for several years. I suffered intensely with rheumatic pains, and was bent as crooked as a bow. I had to walk with a cane. The same year I was healed and received the gift of sanctification. From that time to the present day I have never been sick an hour, nor have I ever taken a dose of medicine. I have never felt pain except when I met with accidents. Once I accidentally cut off my big toe, the wound healed in one day without the application of anything except cold water. I wrapped it in a rag, and on the second day I wore my boot. On the eight day it was entirel healed." Reliable people of Rosedale attested the truthfulness of this statement.

"I employ no earthly doctor," continued Mr. DeWitt. "I take the Bible as my doctor—the book of the Great Physician. God says to his people: 'If ye keep my commandments and judgments and do them, I will take away from you all sickness, and will lay on you none of the evil diseases of Egypt, which ye know; but lay them upon all those who hate you."—Deut. 7.

Mr. DeWitt claims that all those who live in strict obedience to the laws of God will have perfect health. He has many strange ideas which he claims to have got from the Bible; as to what he shall eat and what he shall not eat, and conforms strictly to this very strange and rather frugal bill of fare. "I do not eat hog meat because it is unclean and hurtful to health, and understanding (see Deut. 14.) In fact I don't eat meat of any kind, because Paul says it is neither good to eat flesh nor to drink wine. 'Prove all things. Hold fast to all things that are good. To him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is a sin.' Now, since I do this for conscience sake, it would be a sin to eat flesh, although others may eat it without sinning. We know, also, that those who eat meat are not as healthy as those who abstain. My daughter and I do not eat anything that grows on a vine, nor the fruit of herbs, nor the seed of trees. (See Gen. ii. 22.) We eat fruit which has a seed within it; but do not eat any kind of seed grown on bushes."

"You both eat potatoes do you not?"

Here the daughter, who had been an attentive listener, said: "We do not eat sweet potatoes, because they grow on a vine. But we do eat Irish potatoes because they grow under the earth, bear seed, have no vines, no 'holders' to cling to anything. The top of them is an herb, which bears seed. Potatoes are not fruits but herbs."

"Well, then, why do you not eat tomatoes?"

"Because they are the fruit of an herb," said the father."

"Mr. DeWitt, do you eat eggs?"

"No, sir; because an egg comes from flesh and produces flesh."

"But, I notice that you eat butter. Is that not from a cow, which is flesh?"

"No, sir; it is only the strength of the food, grass and herbs which the cow eats. Therefore we are allowed to drink milk also. Daughter and I," he continued, "expect to be left on the land when the holy Scripture is fulfilled. 'In that day shall a man cherish a cow and two sheep, and from the abundance of milk which they shall give he shall eat butter and honey; for butter and honey shall everyone eat that is left in the land.' [Isaiah.]"

Mr. DeWitt and Mary Ann are happy. They are very poor, and live in a small rented house. He is a day laborer, and earns a dollar a day. Since the death of his wife Mary Ann has kept house for him. She is a slender girl, pretty and intelligent, and is remarkably well versed in Scripture.

A true friend is one who is not afraid to tell us of our faults.

THE VENEZUELAN CLAIMS.

A Romantic Episode Involve in Former Negotiations.

Washington Special.

The Venezuelan Claims Commission, which was organized yesterday, will adjourn for several weeks while waiting for the preparation of suitable quarters. Mr. Walker Blaine, who has charge of this matter, has selected a building which, if it can be put in order in time, will be made the permanent quarters of the Venezuelan commission, and will also accommodate the International American congress and the Marine congress during their sessions.

It will be remembered that the Venezuelan claims originated well on to a quarter of a century ago in the destruction of a number of vessels owned by the Americans in the Orinoca river during one of the frequent revolutions of the Republic. In 1871, after years of attempt at arbitration, the whole matter was dropped for a time on account of a scandal alleging bribery against Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, who was one of the arbitrators at that time. The matter was revived by the last Congress, which provided for a commission to reinvestigate the entire business. The amount involved is nearly $1,000,000.

When Senator Evarts was Secretary of War he wrote to Judge Russell, of Boston, then minister to Venezuela, saying that he wanted those claims paid. Russell replied that there were two ways of getting at the matter, one to send down a fleet of gun boats and the other to give President Guzman Blanco a good slice of the claim. The letter came to the State Department, when some clerk who saw it thought it was too good to be lost, and gave it to the press. It traveled back to Caraccas. President Guzman immediately sent a file of soldiers, who took Minister Russell in charge and escorted him to a New York steamer, with orders to get out of the country.

Senor Shara, a nephew of Guzman his favorite, and the commander of the Venezuelan troops, who was engaged to be married to Judge Russell's daughter, went to Guzman and protested against the indignity put upon his prospective father-in-law, and he and the President had a fearful quarrel. At last Guzman told Shara that he must choose between the girl and his political prospects. Shara, in great passion, broke his sword over his knee flung the pieces at his uncle's head, and rushed from the place. That night he and some companions pulled down and broke in pieces the bronze equestrian statue of Guzman which stood in the public square, then took to horse over the mountains, reached the harbor where the New York steamer lay, boarded her, sailed home to Boston with Judge Russell, and married the Judge's daughter. He is now living as the agent of several Brazilian coffee-houses.

Josh Billings' Philosphy.

New York Weekly.

Tru generosity konsists in knowing when to give, and when not to.

The man who haz sworn not to forgive, has uttered the wust oath he kan take.

Thare hav been no man kreated yet who haz been superior to all others in everything.

Real poverty, that cums upon us from no fault ov our own, is the most greavous thing to bear.

Genius seems to be the fakulty ov doing a thing excellently well that nobody suppozed could be done at all.

One grate diffrense between a phool and a wize man iz this—the phool gaps at and then swollows allmost every thing he sees, but the wise man looks upon most things in this world az perfekly ridikilous.

What's in a Word.

Harper's Magazine

A New York pastor who, though a Scotchman, had lived in America over forty years, was one day taken to task by his daughter for the broadness of his accent in the pronunciation of the word difference.

"How do I pronounce it?" he asked.

"You say 'dufference.'"

"And what do you say?"

"Difference."

Looking at her for a moment, and getting her to repeat, he continued: "Well, now, M———, will you just be so kind as to tell me the dufference between dufference and dufference?"

The daughter gave up her hopeless scholar to "gang his ain gait" in pronunciation henceforth.

We can easily see why a powder like Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is so well appreciated by a nation of housekeepers. All the articles used in its composition are in the exact proportion necessary to produce a perfect chemical reaction, so that the oven heat liberates all the available gas, which produces such excellent effects.

A FAMOUS FAMILY.

Something About Justice Field and His Distinguished Relatives.

The attack of Terry upon Justice Field has recalled attention to and reawakened interest in one of the most celebrated of American families, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. The first of the line to attain prominence in this country was Timothy Field, a captain in the revolutionary army and a man of much mark in his time. His son, David Dudley Field, D. D., was a Congregational clergyman of Connecticut, born in 1781, and dying in 1867, at the ripe age of 86. He was famed as a New England historian and published many local histories; but his chief claim to renown and his great glory lay in the record of his four sons.

The oldest of the four, David Dudley Field, has long held rank as one of the foremost lawyers of New York; Henry Martin Field is one of the leading divines of the continent; Cyrus W. Field has an everlasting monument in the Atlantic cable, the creature of his genius and energy, and Stephen Johnson Field is one of the ablest and purest of the judges who have adorned our Supreme Bench.

You shall search the history of our times in vain to find four brothers who have attained to such deserved eminence in such varied walks of life. It is, indeed, a famous family.

The Best Testimonial.

Yet published for any blood medicine is the printed guarantee of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which warrants that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood and their names are legion. All Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Saltrheum, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, by druggists.

A certain amount of wholesome ignorance is necessary to the enjoyment or even to the toleration of existence.

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

It was a Westerner who went into a haberdasher's and asked the proprietor if he had any family ties.

"The race is not to him who doth the swiftest run,
Nor the battle to the man who shoots with the longest gun,"

"All the sauee" a long gun does count, and "the tallest pole gets the persimmons." If you are no satisfied with your equipment for the race for financial success, or position in the battle of life, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and our word for it they will show you how to get a fresh start, with the best possible chance of winning some of the big prizes.

A 10c. smoke for 5c.—"Tansill's Punch."

A Telegrapher's Ruse.

Dr. J. Emmet O'Brien contributes a paper to the September Century entitled "Telegraphing in Battle," from which this incident is quoted: "On one occasion an operator started out from Fairfax Station on a hand-car propelled by three contrabands to attempt to restore the line so that Pope's operators could communicate his whereabouts. Finding the line cut beyond Pohick Bridge, he spliced it and got signals from both directions. While so engaged a party of guerrillas emerged from the woods to the track and surrounded him. Bidding the negroes stand fast, he dictated a swift message over the line, which was being repeated back to him and copied as the Confederate leader leaned over his shoulder and read the significant words: 'Buford has sent back a regiment of cavalry to meet the one from here and guard the line. If you are molested we will hang every citizen on the route.' The instrument ceased ticking as the operator firmly replied, '. . . — . —' (O. K.) A painful pause ensued. The Confederate might have suspected a ruse if at the moment a gleam of sabers had not shone in the direction of Fairfax Court House. Hastily starting for the woods, the leader exclaimed, 'Come home, boys; these yere ain't our niggers'; and they disappeared, while the hand car, as if driven by forty contraband power, sped rapidly rearward. Pope's wires were not well guarded at any time."

A Job for the Old Man.

Baptist Boy Preacher (nine years old and small for his age)—I suppose you know, pa, that I have been called to your charge?

Old Parson (meekly)—Yes, my son. And now, don't you think you had better drop preaching? You never amounted to much, anyhow, and I can use you. I shall want a large, strong, careful person to do baptising for me, and you'll do as well as anybody. Come, wha' say?

An Insult.

Eastern man—"I do business in New York, but I live in the suburbs. Do you live in the suburbs, too?"

Chicago Man—"The suburbs of Chicago? Great snakes! Do you take me for a frontiersman?"

THE MODEST BLACKSMITH.

A son of Vulcan—and his right
Good arm in wielded power's might;
His throne the forge; anvil's note
Resounded rythms while he smote
There in the fire's rosy glows,
The brazen thing with sturdy blows.

The damp locks cling above his brow—
Once white (no matter) grimy now;
His hairy arm and muscles tense;
His corrugated face of sense;
His bearded lips where sparks have stormed,
The prattling prayers of babes have formed.

Philosopher of iron age
Whose gems have graced the equipage.
No mould'ring wreaths decaying bay
May crown you hero—for a day;
Your works shall last—though dead your sparks
You chain the world, the nation barks;
And there against the night-gloomed hill.
Your spark of life is glowing still.

ESCAPING A SHOWER.

Two crabs who were out on the beech to walk
Shook claws when they met and stopped to talk.

"We're going to have a storm," one said.
"Just look at those big clouds overhead!"

"Then if we stay," said the other "it's plain
That both of us will be caught in the rain."

So, ere the threatened shower began,
Back in the water they puickly ran.

—Malcolm Douglass, in St. Nicholas.

Very Risky Indeed.

To tamper with symptons indicative of growing kidney disorder: to neglect for a brief time needful stimulation of the renal organs when their inactivity points, as it always and unmistakably does, to their eventual permanent disease, is certainly very risky indeed. This is, however, a risk that many persons perceptibly drifting into Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, etc., constantly incur. So those who read, reflect and heed the lessons of recorded experiences, the advisability of using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic, need scarcely more than a suggestion. No fact is more generally admitted by the medical profession and the public than its efficacy for the prevention of serious renal disease. The unmedicated excitants of commerce, no matter how pure, bear in mind, react prejudicially upon the kidneys when inactive. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation and rheumatism.

It takes a man with a pretty strong constitution to rise with the lark after being out on one all night.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

The man who allows himself to drift idly down the stream will never make much of an up-rower in the world.

Slavin's Infallible Female Tonic, as a female regulator, for all female complaints, such as weaknesses, change of life, painful or suppressed menstruation, has no equal. It relieves instantly. If your druggist does not keep it send at once to S. I. F. T. Co., Indianapolis, Ind., for full particulars.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Pennsylvania Lines Will Sell Cheap Tickets.

On September 10th, 24th and October 8th 1889, the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg will sell excursion tickets, at one fare fare for the round trip, to principal points in the Northwest, West, Southwest and South, good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full information apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

To Those Interested.

HASTINGS, Mich., April 22, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first-class physicians of this city, none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief even.

About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

MRS. H. J. KENFIELD.

Ask your druggist for it.
I certify to the above statement.

FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. | HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS,
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.

FREE by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

ROAD CARTS—A $40 cart for $15. Catalogue free. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FARM WAGONS—Best Wagon made $30. Buggies, Carriages, Harness, etc., at ½ price. Send for list. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

Salt Rheum

Often causes great agony with its intense itching and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures Salt Rheum and all skin diseases. It thoroughly cleanses, renovates and enriches the blood Give it a trial.

"After the failure of three skilful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four boxes of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy is to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was six months of age." MRS. B. SANDERSON, 56 Newhall St., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH
Price 50 Cents
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CURES COLD
HEAD
CATARRH
COLD
HAY-FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
ELY BROS.
OWEGO
U.S.A.

BRUNKER'S Carminative BALSAM

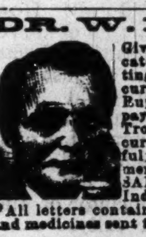
"Who's afeard to eat green apples! You betcher Brunker's Balsam's a dandy."

A CERTAIN CURE

For Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramp-Colic, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Congestion, and Neuralgia of the Stomach and Bowels, Sour Stomach and various forms of Indigestion. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED to Give Satisfaction or Money REFUNDED. Price 25c & 50c, by Druggists. 25c size sent by mail on receipt of price and 6c to pay postage, address, GLOBE MEDICINE CO., Terre Haute, Ind.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION OR MONTHLY SICKNESS IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER AND SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. W. H. SARBER



Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles, Rectal Troubles successfully treated, a cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

$15. FREE TRADE PRICES! NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES | NOW ONLY $15

We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 762 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 4-lb Family Scale, Brass Beam and Scoop, worth $5. Chicago Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

ASTHMA.

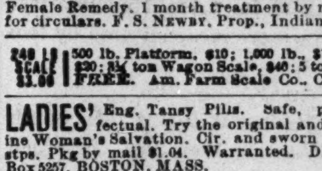
Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in TEN MINUTES. WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. Trial package free. Address T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

F. C. AUSTIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL. WELL DRILLS for all purposes. Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars. CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.



FAMILY PRIDE, $5.00. A warranted U. S. Standard Family Scale. ¼ ounce to 244 pounds, sent free anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Price list of all sizes free. Address "JONES, he pays the freight," Binghamton, N. Y.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction, in our secret service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c stamp. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cin'ati, O.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c GUNS WATCHES, CLOCKS, etc. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEWBY'S MEXICAN CEREUS POLLEN. A guaranteed Female Remedy. 1 month treatment by mail $1. Send for circulars. F. S. NEWBY, Prop., Indianapolis, Ind.

240 lb. SCALE $3.00 | 500 lb. Platform, $10; 1,000 lb., $15; 1,500 lb., $20; 2½ ton Wagon Scale, $40; 5 ton, $50. List FREE. Am. Farm Scale Co., Chicago. Ill.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE; lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein-Holder Company, HOLLY, MICH.

I N U 37—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

$65 SEWING MACHINE $18 | Send for list of 1,000 articles at one-half price. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

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Pre-Eminently the LEADING Institution Of Indiana,

And one of the best equipped and largest Business, Short-hand and Type-writing Schools in the United States. Our graduates hold lucrative positions in this city, and are our warmest indorsers. Instructors of experience and established professional reputation. Class and individual instruction. Students enter any time. Every young man and woman needs for a successful future the practical business training obtainable in this institution. Business men supplied with reliable book-keepers, stenographers, penman and clerks. Elegant catalogue free to any address.

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THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. PRICE 25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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LOGANSPORT, IND.

Established 1867. Decidedly one of the best, most successful and thorough in the State. Investigation invited. A College of Book-keeping, SHORT-HAND Type-Writing, Penmanship and kindred branches. Patronized by prominent business men. Catalogue and circulars mailed free to any address.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

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WE RECOMMEND THIS COLLEGE TO OUR READERS. Mention this paper when you write.

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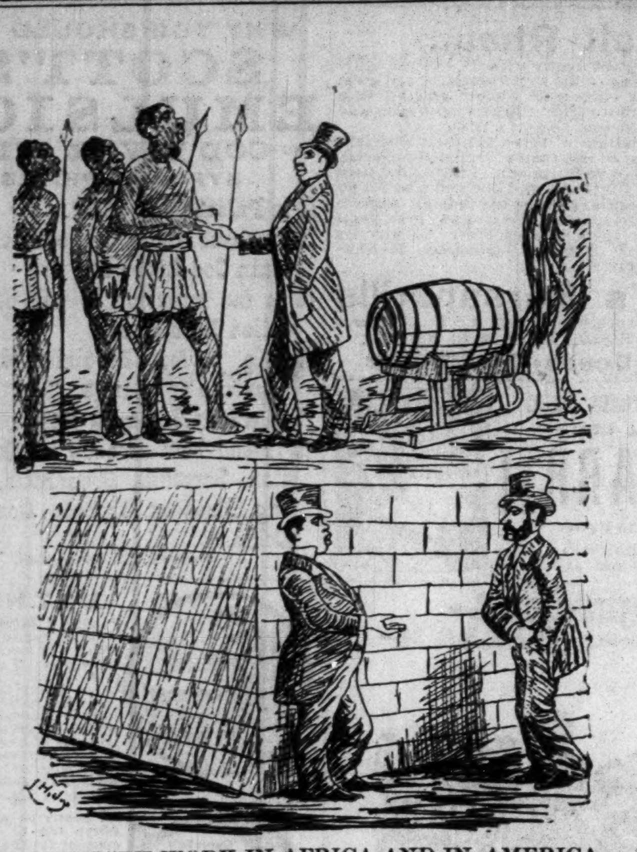
Book Keeping, Short-Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information. LOUISVILLE, KY.



MISSIONARY WORK IN AFRICA AND IN AMERICA.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss. Kate Mann has returned from Cincinnati.

Misses Lou Babbage and Cornelia Alexander have returned from Chicago.

Robert Thomas of St. Louis is in the city a few days, the guest of Mrs. M. C. Turner.

Mrs. Susie E. Porter and Mrs. Wm. Porter have just returned from a pleasant jaunt to Chicago.

The city is now pretty well filled with delegates and visitors to the National Baptist Association.

Misses Willie and Myrtle Hart have returned from the lakes with their father where they were engaged professionally.

The Pinchbacks did not materialize as advertised in these columns last week. They were incapacitated by two sick members.

Rev. Chasles Williams of South Calvary Church has just returned from a pleasant visit to points in Kentucky and Illinois.

Mr. Clark Ell's has taken charge of the local management of The Freeman and will make a thorough canvass of the city. Mr. L. A. Simpson has assumed the entire charge of the advertising department.

Mr. Phillip Broadus of the P. O. returned last week from a pleasant trip to his old home in Nicholasville. Ky., where he renewed his regards with old friends and relatives. Mr. Broadus is well liked at the P. O.

A TESTIMONIAL.

Industrial Life Association, of Indianapolis, Ind., J. O. Cooper, Treas.:

GENTLEMEN—Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the prompt settlement of the policy carried in your company by my late wife, Minnie Mathews. I am doubly grateful to your company from the fact that about six weeks before the death of my wife several agents of one of the foreign stock companies tried very persistently to have us lapse this policy and carry our insurance in their company, but your agent proved to me beyond any question that the Industrial Life was the company for the industrial classes, and one can judge how thankful I must be that I was not persuaded to leave your company when it is understood that, had I taken the insurance in the stock company I would have received nothing (since their policies are of no benefit for thirteen weeks,(while in your company I received the full face of the policy—$108—within ten minutes after the proofs were filed. Respectfully,

SAMUEL MATHEWS,
261 W. St. Clair st.

Per John D. Copeland.

An Insult.

Eastern man—"I do business in New York, but I live in the suburbs. Do you live in the suburbs, too?"

Chicago Man—"The suburbs of Chicago? Great snakes! Do you take me for a frontiersman?"

Instances of Gall.

A restaurant man of Lincoln was looking gloomy yesterday as he gazed from the window at the dusty landscape, says the Nebraska State Journal. Being surrounded by a representative of the lever which moves the world he commenced to unbosom himself. "There came in here this morning," he said, "a stranger of distinguished appearance. He was haughty in his bearing; yes, very haughty. The days of the years of my journey in the land have been many, but I don't think I ever struck a more commanding-looking man. He took a seat at table and glanced over the bill of fare very critically. Finally he ordered a porterhouse steak, with innumerable vegetables. He asked me if I had any new cucumbers. I hadn't any. 'Well,' said this haughty gentleman, 'send out and get some. And tell your infernal waiter that I don't wan't to become a centenarian before the meal is brought me.' I was deeply impressed by his imperious manner and I rustled around and hurried the cook, and in a very short time the meal was placed before him and it was a nice one. He seemed to enjoy it. He ate slowly, sipped three cups of coffee, and repeated several of his vegetable orders. Finally he concluded the repast and came to the cashier's desk where I was on duty. He picked his teeth calmly, and then said: 'I am ready.' 'Ready for twhat?' I inquired. 'Ready to be fired. I haven't a red cent.' Now, how was that for unlaundered, double and twist, fast dyed gall! How does it strike you as a sample of nerve with a wire edge and brass tip? I was too paralyzed to fire him. I just invited him to go and told him that if he ever came to my fashionable rendezvous again I would sweeten his coffee with sulphuric acid. He smiled blandly and went his tortuous way." And the proprietor of the hash emporium sighed wearily.

"I can recall another instance of gall," he said, after a while. "When I was a boy I worked in a butcher shop, flashing out sausage and stuff to intelligent patrons. The urbane butcher had an old hound which had outlived its usefulness, but for which he wouldn't have taken $1,000. The dog used to lie on the sidewalk in front of the shop from morning to night, and, as every body knew him, he received many a caress. Well, one day I was in the shop alone, when a genteel and handsome stranger entered. 'My boy,' he said, in the most pleasant manner in the world, "would you be so good as to lend me a cleaver for a moment?' He went out of the shop, and, I heard a dull, sickening thud. He returned in a minute or two, carrying the cleaver, which was dripping with gore. 'Now, my little man,' said he, as pleasantly as ever, 'tell your master when he gets another dog he should keep it where people won't stumble over it.' This pleasant stranger had hacked the poor old dogs head off. The proceeding, I think, was as cool as the arctic regions. I don't see how such men can have hearts, lungs or livers. I should think the gall they carry around would occupy all the available space."

The restaurant man, filled with dismay at his own experiences with human nerve, had probably never heard of a Colonel Mason, of Kentucky or Virginia, who entered a Washington restaurant years ago and ordered a meal. It was not brougnt very speedily, and he shot dead the waiter who had attended him. There was a great deal of excitement and confusion, but the colonel sat there calm and stern, and never looking at his victim, summoned the head waiter, to whom he said: "Send me another waiter and be damned quick!" Talking of nerve!

Round Shoulders.

A stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, may be entirely cured by a very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular positien several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body, come again into standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot, then on the other. It is wonderful what a straightening-out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and croocked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.—Family Doctor.

The Detective's Dodge.

The secret service division of the treasury department recently made a haul of counterfeiters in a clever manner after as neat a piece of work as is usually encountered even in the modern novel. In that mysterious manner known only to trained agents of the service, it became known that two men, named Frederick Brodbeck and Chester Collins, were the owners of an apparatus for making bogus coin, and were turning out a quantity of crooked money, their headquarters being on a canal boat running up into the state from New York city. They carried on an ostensibly honest trade as freighters. The service agents in New York watched them pretty closely, and when the "Sinn," which was the suggestive name of the craft, went up the canal to Boundout they laid a plan to capture the outfit. One agent—called for the purpose of the case Jones, since the service is shy about letting their men become known—thereupon betook himself to Bondout, and arraying himself in a combination of rags that would disgrace a Jersey tramp, loafed around the "Sinn."

Catching the eye of Brodbeck, who posed as captain of the boat, he asked him when he was going back to New York. The reply was in two or three weeks. Jones then exhibited himself in all his wretchedness, and asked for a ride down, as he had, pointing to a pair of shoes artiscaily worn out, walked all the way from Troy. Brodbeck, not caring for intruders, refused to let him work his passage, as he desired, but finally gave him the job of pumbing out the boat, promising him ten cents with which the poor fellow could get something to eat. Jones pumped for two hours and was given twelve cents, including a nickel that was counterfeit. He came back the next day and hired out again, managing to keep around the boat for several days in this way, and receiving quite a large number of bad pieces. The boatman usually made inquiries as to what he had done with the money, presumably to test its efficacy in passing. Jones nosed about a good deal, but was handicapped by the extreme watchfulneas of Brodbeck, Collins remaining in the cabin most of the time, so that all he obtained in the way of evidence was the bad money he had been paid in return for his hard pumping, and occasional sniffs of the odor of melted lead issuing from the cabin, which he was not allowed to enter. He was at work at the pump one day when a couple of the secret service men came up and told Brodbeck that Jones was a crook from Troy and that they wanted him, and proposed to search the boat for stuff they thought he had hidden there. Brodbeck declared that there was nothing in the boat, but they searched it nevertheless and hauled from the cabin quite an outfit of counterfeiting apparatus. The partners claimed that Jones had smuggled them on board. They were taken down to New York, and upon examination made clean denials of all guilt, alleging that the name of their craft was the only sinful thing about them or their lives. Then Jones told his story in a simple, unaffected manner, and when he had finished he said that he had gone there as a secret service official and had been given bad money and had smelt it cooking. This unexpected revelation entirely broke up the pair, who remarked that the jig was up and made a complete confession.—Ex.

Noble Tom Wiley.

Some forty years ago a resident of this city parted with his wife and little girls for the purpose of going to Texas to settle permanently, intending to send for them as soon as arrangements could be made for their comfort. It was not for two years that he felt secure in doing this. They sailed for Galveston on a vessel that left this city in 1844, I think. One other passenger, a young man named Wiley, a resident of Southwark, who had recently inherited a valuable estate in Texas, accompanied them. The lady and little girls became very much attached to Wiley, whose noble nature and kindly disposition endeared him to them. He seemed to enter into their joyful hopes of a speedy reunion with their father. They counted the hours as they passed. Soon—within a few days—a storm was encountered, which increased in severity until they were finally compelled to take to the boats. The captain, one sailor, who was injured during the storm, Tom Wiley and the mother and her little ones were in one boat, with scarcely any provisions and very little water.

The sailor soon died and found a grave in the sea. The mother and little ones were cheered and encouraged by Wiley, who took off his only coat to cover the children. For nearly six days they suffered terribly, their provisions being so limited that they did not dare to satisfy their hunger. Poor Wiley, his great heart being in sympathy with the mother and her little ones, could not be induced to touch either food or water. Remembering the joyful hopes and earnest prayers of those little girls to meet their father, and having learned to love them for themselves, no persuasion or even strategy could prompt him to touch a drop of water or that sacred food.

Finally when they were picked up he was so exhausted that he could scarcely ask, "Are the children and mother safe?" "Yes, they are safe," was told him. He could only say, "Well. Well," and expired. This is my hero.—Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Sam's Women Clerks.

Some of the old lady clerks are fine-looking, and some of them had noted careers in society before going into the departments. One had Jefferson for an ancestor, and another, perhaps the most beautiful of the white-haired ladies of the Treasury, was the wife of an Ohio Governor. These old lady clerks dress well, and among them are some of the most agreeable talkers in Washington. Their hearts are young, though their hair is white, and they are almost as fascinating now as when the bloom was on their cheeks and they were the belles of their native states.

Literary Success To-day.

Some men and women—and there are many of them—of positive ability and undoubted energy, after bitter years of high purpose and strong endeavor, fail most ignominiously in literature, and go down to the grave unknown, unrecognized, unappreciated. On the other hand, the world is full of mountebanks and mediocre geniuses who "catch the trick and fantasy of fame," and their names are on every lip and in every paper. Truly, of late years, literary success in the United States has grown to be so contemptible, that failure is virtually beginning to be honorable.

How much longer is this regime to last? How much longer before the Howells, the Rives-Chanlers, the Wheeler-Wilcoxes, the Hawthornes, the Roes, the Stevensons, and the rest are leveled to the ground and their superiors are elevated to their places in public opinion?

A few more years of the low standard of public taste that now prevails—and has prevailed during the past half a dozen years—and the Edinburgh Review will be indeed justified in asking for the second time, "Who reads an American book?"—Alexander N. De Menil, in St. Louis Magazine.

There Were Seven.

It is a Carrying Place Pond (Me.) fisherman who relates that while he was pulling in a pickerel that he had caught one day another fish grabbed the pickerel's tail, then a third seized the second one's tail, and so on till there were seven on the string; he landed them all.

Political Announcements.

Vote for Richard Nolen, candidate for the council of the 25th ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct. 8.

Vote for M. J Burns, candidate for council of the 15th ward on Democratic ticket, Election Oct. 8.

Vote for A. E. Austin, candidate for council of the 19th ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct 8.

Vote for Martin Murphy, candidate for the council of the 21st ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct. 8

VOTE FOR

Thomas Markey,

Candidate for the council of the 23d ward on the Democratic ticket.

Election Oct. 8th.

Dr. Wesley Robbins,

OFFICE—65 Indiana Avenue.

While he treats all kinds of diseases, his success in treating FEMALE COMPLAINTS has led him to give special attention to that class of disease

OFFICE HOURS—8 to 10 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone .099.

BARGAINS.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

25 Second-hand Pianos,
FROM $60.00 UPWARD.
10 Second-hand Organs, from $30.00 UPWARD.

PAYMENTS:—$5.00 or more down, $1.00 or more per month. Call at once. Clearing out stock.

Emil Wulschner,
42 and 44 N. Pennsylvania St.,
Next door to the "When."

A New Enterprise.

We wish to inform our friends and the public that we have opened bussness at 166 INDIANA AVE., where we shall handle Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Fish, etc., and carry nothing but first-class goods. We will deliver goods free of charge to any part of the city!

Our Goods will be sold at the very lowest figures strictly for cash. We solicit your patronage. 166 INDIANA AVE.

SHO-ES & TEVIS.

Harvest Excursions

at Half Fare

To all points in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Indian Territory Oklahoma, Texas, Pan Handle of Texas, Wyoming and Utah, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad.

Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays,

August 6th, September 10th, August 20th, September 24th, and October 8th, 1889.

Stop-over privileges within limit of these Excursion Tickets (30 days) will be allowed on the Santa Fe, going and returning, regardless of whether your ticket so stipulates or not. Choice of Routes going and returning will be given whenever your destination can be reached by more than one of the Santa Fe lines. This offers 12 combinations within the State of Kansas alone. No other road can offer this variety.

Whether you seek highly improved and irrigated farms or government land, plains or mountains, hot springs, summer resorts, cattle ranges or gold mines, coal or corn, the oldest city in America (Santa Fe) or the newest in the world (Oklahoma, Guthrie,) take the Santa Fe Route. It offers you a trip over a greater extent of country; through more States and Territories; in finer cars; over a better road-bed; give you a greater variety of scenery and climate; takes you through a richer farming country and through finer and more extensive grazing lands, salt lands, coal lands and mining regions of silver and gold; gives you better meals at its eating stations, more privileges on your tickets and a more profitable excursion generally than it is possible for any other road to offer. Call on your nearest ticket agent for rates, tickets, etc. or address,

F. T. HENDRY, Passenger Agt.,
Room 10, Jackson Place,
Indianapolis, - Ind.
And
GEO. T. NICHOLM,
Gen'l, P. and T. Agt.,
TOPEKA, KANS.

This CELEBRATED RAZOR SENT BY MAIL

If you want the best THIN HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR that can be made, send us $1.25, and we will send it postage paid.

Mention this paper.

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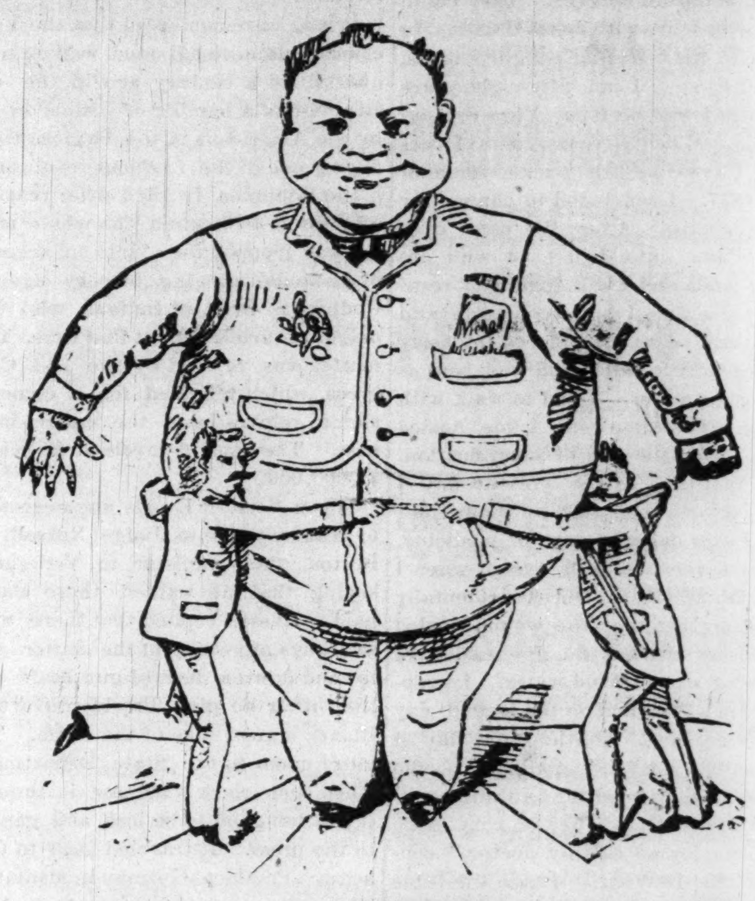
To Sell Our Royal Book,

"The Black Phalanx."

It is a history of the Negro Soldiers and gives a full account of their services in fighting for freedom and the Union, from the Revolution to the present time. SPLENDID PICTURES of the Negro Troops. All say it is the grandest book ever written. Piles of money to be made selling it, for every body wants it. You Can Make Money. One man has already made 600 dollars on 500 books. Don't fail to send at once for circulars and see our Liberal Terms to Agents. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct., Boston, Cincinnati or St. Louis. (Mention this Paper.)



Ah There!

Been here a long time, and intend to stay. We just want to let you know that we have shed, laid off, put away all summer goods and filled our store with

FALL AND WINTER STYLES.

Now is the time to order while the stock is complete and perfect.

Seamless Pants to order from	$5
Nobby Suits " " "	20
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